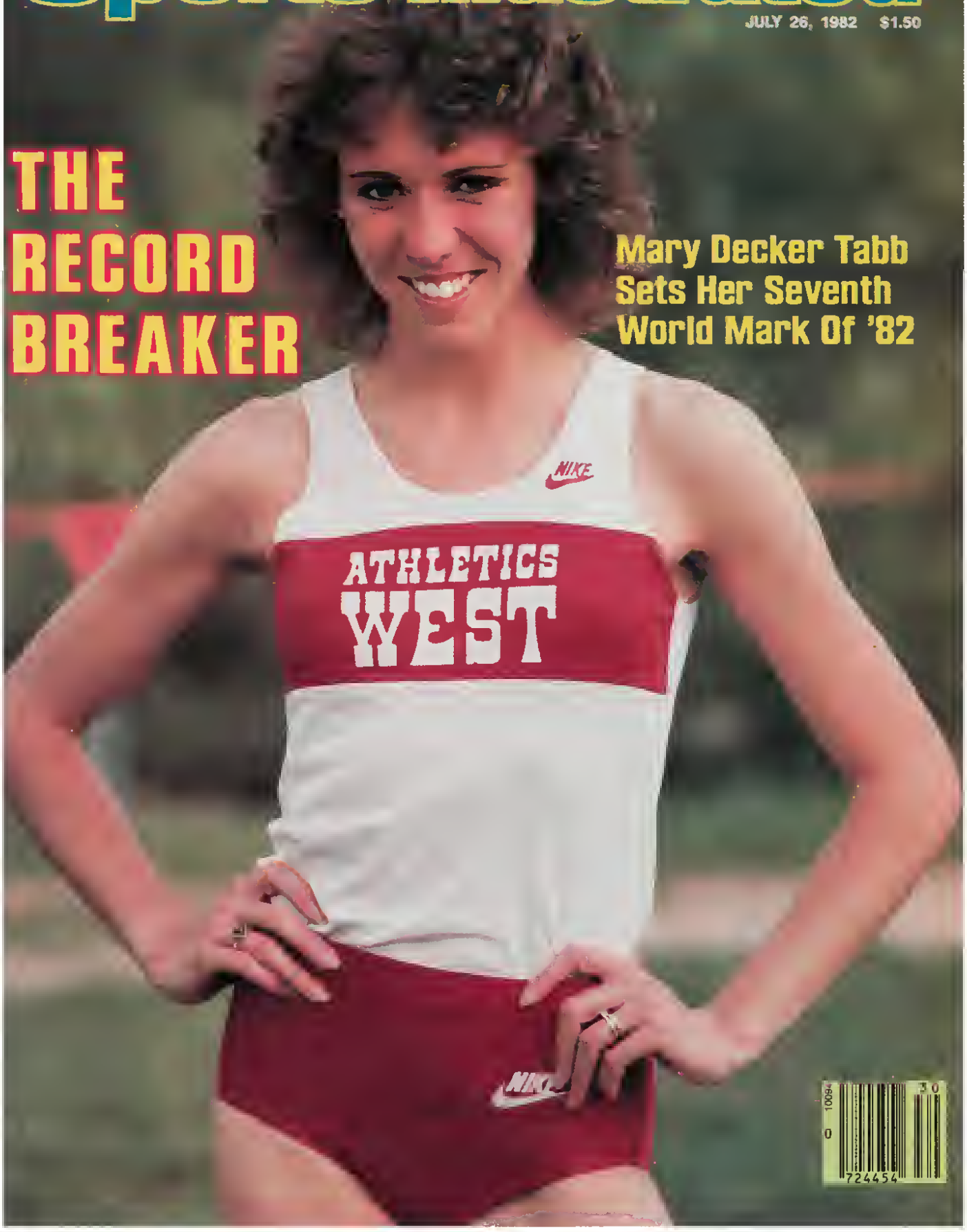
Sports Illustrated
JULY 26, 1982 $1.50

THE RECORD BREAKER

Mary Decker Tabb Sets Her Seventh World Mark Of '82



"Somewhere soon you'll discover our Puerto Rican white rum."

"Puerto Rican white rum makes the best screwdriver. Better than gin. Better than vodka."

Luis Soto film director and his wife Laura Mola lawyer

It's happening in beach houses, penthouses, ski houses and town houses. Everywhere you look, white rum from Puerto Rico is being used instead of gin or vodka. In screwdrivers, Bloody Marys, mixed with tonic, soda or on the rocks.

The reason? Smoothness. By law, all rum from Puerto Rico must be aged at least one year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Great rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free Light Rum & Puerto Rico recipes write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. E-11, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico.

Now you can shrink a $600 car repair down to $25.

Everywhere you look these days, it's $600 for a transmission job here, $400 for engine repairs there.

It's gotten to the point where even the remote possibility of major repairs is enough to worry anyone.

Until now.

Because now you can cut those worries down to a more manageable $25. And keep them that way for up to five full years.

Introducing the Ford Extended Service Plan—for purchasers of Ford or Lincoln-Mercury cars or light trucks.

Here's how it protects you.

The Extended Service Plan covers thousands of parts, including major repairs. And promises no parts or labor charges, except a small $25 deductible each time you bring your car in. No matter how many different covered parts need to be fixed.

Which means you can go to any one of 6,500 Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealers across the U.S. and Canada, and the most you'll pay is $25 for any covered repairs.

Plus there's much more. With plans ranging up to 5 years/50,000 miles of maximum protection. See your Dealer for all the details on how to shrink car repair worries down to size.

Ask for the Extended Service Plan by name. It's the only one backed by the Ford Motor Company.

Get it together—buckle up

Ford Extended Service Plan

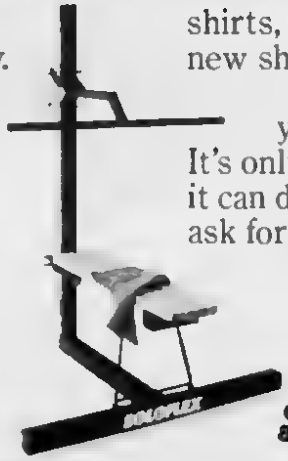
WARNING: THE USE OF THIS PRODUCT MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR SHIRT COLLECTION.

There's nothing funny about the way Soloflex can develop your body. In your own home or apartment.

Soloflex is the body building machine that's so ingenious it's patented. Anything you can do on health club equipment you can do on Soloflex.

You decide how far you want to go. Soloflex will pump up your muscles as big as you want them, where you want them.

You can outmuscle your old shirts, or look sensational in your new shirts.



And Soloflex won't cost you the shirt off your back. It's only $495. To find out how much it can do for you, call us today and ask for Lisa.

BODY BY SOLOFLEX

FOR A FREE BROCHURE, CALL OUR 24 HR. TOLL-FREE NUMBER 800-547-8802. IN OREGON, 640-8891

Soloflex, Dept 17, Hawthorn Farms Industrial Park, Hillsboro, Oregon 97123 All major credit cards accepted

Founder Henry [illegible]
Editor-in-Chief: Henry [illegible]
President: J. Richard Munro
Chairman of the Board: Ralph P. Davidson
Executive Vice President: Clifford J. Grum
Chairman, Executive Committee: James R. Shepley
Editorial Director: Ralph Graves
Group Vice President, Magazines: Kelso F. Sutton
Vice Chairman: Arthur Temple

Managing Editor: Gilbert Rogin
Assistant Managing Editors: Kenneth Rudeen, Peter Carry, [illegible] Mulvoy

Art Director: Harvey Grut

Assistant to the Managing Editor: Marvin D. Hyman

Senior Editors: Theodore N. Bentchman, Walter Bingham, [illegible] Bob Brown, Bill Colson, Myra Gailband (ARTICLES), Larry F. Keith, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Barbara La Fontaine, Julia Lamb, Scot Leavitt, Joe Marshall

Senior Writers: Robert H. Boyle, Robert W. Creamer, Frank DeFord, Ron Fimrite, Clive Gammon, Dan Jenkins, William Oscar Johnson, Ray Kennedy, Curry Kirkpatrick, William Leggett, Douglas S. Looney, Kenny Moore, William Nack, Bob Ottum, John Underwood, Paul Zimmerman

Associate Writers: Barry McDermott, Sam Moses, Bruce Newman, John Papanek, Sarah Pileggi, Pat Putnam, E.M. Swift, Rick Telander, Steve Wulf

Associate Editors: Julie Campbell, Gay Flood, Anita Verschoth

Staff Writers: Anthony Cotton, Michael DeiNagro, Jim Kaplan, Dan Levin, Jack McCallum, Craig Neff, William Taaffe, Herm Weiskopf, Ralph Wiley

Picture Editor: Barbara Henckel

Production Manager: Gene W. Ulrich

Photography: Therese A. Daubner (DEPUTY), Louis Capozzola, Anthony Cenna, Steven Fine, Kevin Fitzgerald, Laurel Frenkel, Theodore Stickney, Robert W. Taylor, Donna Tsufura

Photographers: STAFF: Andy Hayt, John Iacono, Heinz Kluetmeier, Manny Millan, Lane Stewart, Tony Triolo
CONTRIBUTING: Rich Clarkson, Jerry Cooke, John Dominis, James Drake, William Eppridge, Walter Iooss Jr., Paul Kennedy, Richard Mackson, Peter Read Miller, Ronald C. Modra, Herb Scharfman, George Tiedemann, Tony Tomsic, John G. Zimmerman

Writer-Reporters: Roger Jackson, Franz Lidz, D. Alexandra Stathopios, Alexander Wolff

Senior Reporters: Wilmer Ames, Linda-Ann Mersch, Rose Mary Mercer, Paul Preda, Angel Reyes

Reporters: Jane E. Bachman (DEPUTY), Bruce Anderson, Victoria Boughton, Rob Buchanen, N. Brooks Clark, Joy Duckett, Armen Keteyian, Jill Lieber, Ivan Maisel, Robert Sullivan (SPECIAL PROJECTS), Lisa Twyman, Lea Watson, Cathrine Woll

Art Department: Richard Warner (DEPUTY DIRECTOR), Lawrence R. Gendron (ASSISTANT DIRECTOR), Ann Backerman, Pamela Fortson, Joseph T. Kelmen, T. Thurston Martin, Catharine Smolich, Edward P. Truslo

Copy Desk: Betty DeMeester (CHIEF), Edward B. Clarke (DEPUTY), Leslie Bornstein, Lawrence Cannistraci, Madeleine Edmondson, Iris Evans, Jill Jaroff, Barbara W. Murray, Sylvia Staub, Robert H. Williams

Production: George Infante (DEPUTY), Richard Colan, Pieter C. Musse, Kenneth Tomlen

Articles: Linda R. Vergan, Margaret Sieck (ASSOCIATE EDITORS), Constance Tubbs (ASSISTANT EDITOR)

Special Contributors: Joan Ackermann Blount, Michael Bamberger, Martin F. Dardis, Bil Gilbert, Robert F. Jones, George Plimpton, Leigh Montville, Jaime Jax, Terry Todd

Special Correspondents: Eleanore Mitosovic (CHIEF), *Anchorage* Frank Cerveri, *Atlanta* Norman Arey, *Austin* Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore* Joe D'Adamo, *Baton Rouge* Dan Hardesty, *Birmingham* Jimmy Bryen, *Boston* Leo Monahan, *Buffalo* Dick Johnston, *Carson City* Guy Shipler Jr., *Charlotte* Ronald Green, *Chicago* Ray Sons, *Cincinnati* Jim Schottelkotte, *Cleveland* Charles Heaton, *Columbus* Kaye Kessler, *Dallas* Steve Perkins, *Denver* Frank Haraway, *Des Moines* Bob Asbille, *Detroit* Jerry Green, *Greensboro* Smith Barrier, *Harrisburg* Ronnie Christ, *Honolulu* Jim Richardson, *Houston* Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis* Dick Denny, *Jacksonville* Bill Kastelz, *Kansas City* Theodore O'Leary, *Knoxville* Ben Byrd, *Lexington* Ed Ashford, *Little Rock* Orville Henry, *London* Lavina Scott Elliot, *Los Angeles* Jack Tobin, *Louisville* William F. Reed, *Memphis* Norman McCoy, *Miami* Charlie Nobles, *Milwaukee* Bob Wolf, *Minneapolis* Dick Gordon, *Montreal* George Hanson, *Nashville* Max York, *New Haven* Bill Guthrie, *New Orleans* Peter Finney, *Oklahoma City* Harold Soles, *Omaha* Hollis Limprecht, *Philadelphia* Gordon Forbes, *Phoenix* Frank Gianelli, *Pittsburgh* Pat Livingston, *Portland* Ken Wheeler, *Providence* John Hanlon, *Roanoke* Bill Brill, *Salt Lake City* George Ferguson, *San Antonio* Ray Evans, *San Diego* Bil Center, *San Francisco* Art Rosenbaum, *San Juan* Fred Rehm, *Seattle* Emmett Watson, *South Bend* Bill Moor, *Spartanburg* Leslie Timms, *St. Louis* Neal Russo, *Syracuse* Bud Venderveer, *Tallahassee* Bill McGrotha, *Tampa* Tom McEwen, *Toronto* Rex MacLeod, *Vancouver* Brian Lewis, *Waco* Dave Campbell, *Washington* Martie Zad

Time-Life News Service: Richard L. Duncan (CHIEF)

Letters: Ann Scott

Editorial Services: Christiane Walford (DIRECTOR), George Karas, Bernie [illegible]ghtman, Alex Stack, Elizabeth G. Young

Copy Processing: Michael E. Keane (MANAGER), George J. Ausien (DEPUTY), David H. Logan

Publisher: [illegible]

Associate Publisher & Advertising Sales Director: [illegible] Bit

Advertising Sales Manager: Thomas [illegible]
General Manager: Robert J. Miller
Business Manager: E. Bruce Hallett
Circulation Director: Robert D. McCoach
Promotion Director: Harry C. Rubicam
Special Events Director: Keith Morris
Enterprises: Thomas C. Ettinger

Sports Illustrated

JULY 26, 1992 /Volume 57, No. 4

Cover photograph by Heinz Kluetmeier

CONTENTS

14 **A Fourth on the Firth**
Tom Watson's latest British Open win came thanks to an American who faded and a South African who folded **by Dan Jenkins**

18 **Rocky the Wreck Rides Again**
Rocky Aoki, bent and broken in a 1979 crash, returned to offshore racing and won his own Benihana Grand Prix **by Alexander Wolff**

20 **It Was Just Another Mary Chase**
Mary Decker Tabb celebrated her homecoming by entering a 10,000—and set her seventh world mark this year **by Kenny Moore**

22 **They Haven't Been Kidding Around**
Seriously, folks, there are lots of National League rookies who are performing as if they've been in the bigs for ages **by Steve Wulf**

28 **One, Two, Three, Kick!**
Aerobic dancing is only one of many strange and unusual ways that pro football players employ to stay in shape. A photographic essay

36 **The Flying Dutchman**
Jan van Beveren got in Dutch in Holland, so he emigrated to Fort Lauderdale, where he's the NASL's top goalie **by Bruce Newman**

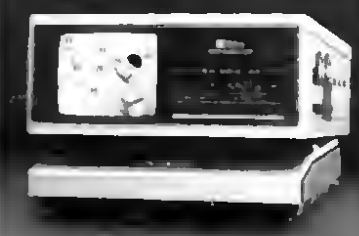
60 **To Baffle and Amaze**
In 1978 Coach Bill Walsh brought unpredictable football to the lowly 49ers. Three years later they won the Super Bowl **by Kenny Moore**

DEPARTMENTS

Scorecard ____ 9
Baseball ____ 46
Handball ____ 52
TV/Radio ____ 54
Boxing ____ 57
For the Record ____ 75
19th Hole ____ 76
Credits on page 75

[illegible] SUBSTRATE [illegible] 6 8 2 7 X [illegible] 34 39 W [illegible] Blvd [illegible] Angeles, A 9 [illegible] n parcel post pa [illegible] ksdale, et Cit [illegible] Y N [illegible] V [illegible] Pl [illegible] W [illegible] Telau [illegible] B [illegible] Beer Secretary Second [illegible] ass postage pa [illegible] d at Los Angeles CA and [illegible] [illegible] Mexico Auth [illegible] sc [illegible] la [illegible] P [illegible] Office Dept. Ottawa Canada and [illegible] d at [illegible] payment of postage in cash. S [illegible] Subscr [illegible] ices: POSTMASTER [illegible] nd address changes to Sports Illustrated TIME [illegible] FL [illegible] Drive 5411 N. Fairbanks Ct. [illegible] hicago [illegible] F. P. [illegible]

Why buy a TV that only plays TV?



This 4" TV

backflips to become

an AM/FM clock radio. Bravo, Panasonic!

BiSider
Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

TV/RADIO WRITER TAAFFE IN HIS CUSTOMARY POSITION

Our newest staff writer is columnist Bill Taaffe, 38, who grew up in Pluckemin, N.J., one town that George Washington really did sleep in. "He marched through with the Continental Army," Taaffe says, "on his way from Princeton to Morristown." But Taaffe spent much of his childhood in Ebbets Field. His favorite Dodger was Gil Hodges, and his 13-year-old heart was all but broken when the Bums went West. On the other hand, when the New York Mets were created, he recalls, "I just about went crazy."

Taaffe, who will cover TV and radio for us, rarely missed a televised game, but baseball was an avocation in those days; he wanted to be a priest, and he spent three years in the Father Judge Mission Seminary in Monroe, Virginia. His goals changed, however, and he entered Seton Hall University, toyed with premed and prelaw before deciding to major in American history, and graduated in 1966.

He then spent two years in Washington, D.C., clerking for Oregon Senator Wayne Morse, and two more years reporting for *Transport Topics*, the weekly newspaper of the American Trucking Associations. He joined the staff of *The Washington Star*, and in 1972 covered his biggest story ever. He happened to be standing just four feet from Alabama Governor George Wallace when a hand holding a pistol emerged from the crowd.

After he'd covered Capitol Hill for a year, Taaffe moved to the sports department, where he had the favorite interview of his career, and the most difficult assignment. The interview was with Muhammad Ali. As Taaffe recalls, "Ali was so different from what the public knew of him. There were kids in his suite, and his gentleness came out."

The assignment was the 1980 Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, where the press buses usually got him back to his room in good time for his 6 a.m. wakeup call. After the U.S. beat the Soviet Union in hockey, Taaffe wrote a 1,000-word story that, he says, was one of his alltime best. Trouble was, no one ever read it. To transmit it to the *Star*, Taaffe pushed the button on his portable computer terminal and—horrors!—the story vanished. "I was infuriated and sick," he said, "and I had 30 minutes to deadline. I started typing and got a story in, but it wasn't like the first one."

Taaffe's most consistently rewarding assignment in those years was a TV-sports column, which ultimately appeared in the *Star* twice a week. Last year, when the paper went out of business, he began writing once a week for *The Washington Post*. Taaffe accepted a full-time offer from the *Post*, but on the first day of his new job, as he was leaving home, the phone rang. It was SI calling. Three months later Taaffe left the *Post*, if not Washington, where he lives with his wife, Donna.

Taaffe's column this week (*page 54*), on the networks' dearth of journalistic enterprise, is his second for us. He says of his work, "It's almost like not even having an honest job. Watching sports on TV, and writing about it? You call that work?"

Philip D. Howlett

Give your home a tower of strength.

Build your home insurance program on an A+ rating. The A+ rating for policyholder service *and* financial stability given to us by the insurance industry's recognized rating authority, A.M. Best Company. 103 years of Millers Mutual: You can't place your home on any firmer footing.

millers mutual insurance

Home Office Alton, Illinois 62002

Look for us in the Yellow Pages.

GOLDEN

148 years.
Two lifetimes spent making films, and legends.
The way TIME told it, it's more than just the story of two award-winning actors. It's a tale of American values and American history.
Week after week, TIME gives you more than news and information. It brings insight and understanding to subjects that matter to you.

Read TIME and understand. TIME

BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

A NOVEL BASED ON THE BUNION DERBY MASTERS THE SUBJECT, NOT THE LINGO

Tom McNab, script consultant and technical adviser for *Chariots of Fire*, a Scotsman who was his country's triple-jump record holder for six years (1958-64) and has coached both Winter (bobsledding) and Summer (track and field) Olympic teams for Great Britain, has now written his first novel, and it's hardly surprising that the book concerns one of his specialties, running. *Flanagan's Run* (William Morrow & Company, Inc., $14.50) is a roman à clef based on the so-called Bunion Derby that titillated and distracted many Americans in 1929.

The coast-to-coast footrace was conceived and promoted by a flamboyant picaro named C.C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle. Pyle was no amateur in athletics. Among other successes, and failures, he had launched pro tennis in 1926 when he persuaded the reigning women's star, Suzanne Lenglen, to sign with him for the outlandish sum of $50,000 and be the main attraction on a nascent tour. He also gave the moribund sport of pro football a huge boost when he signed collegiate hero Red Grange to a contract and sent him on an exhibition tour (with the Chicago Bears) during which he drew large crowds that paid satisfying amounts of cash. McNab's C.C. Pyle is C.C. Flanagan, somewhat more of a rogue than the original, but easily as inventive and endearing—two adjectives that also apply to the book.

McNab fills his cast of characters much as Priestley did in his *The Good Companions*, drawing them from all walks (or runs) of life and giving them wildly disparate ages and temperaments, and he sets them off cross-country from Los Angeles to New York on the same kind of journey—a rollicking, noisy series of misadventures in which his heroes and heroines (yes, there are women in the race) invariably and cheerfully triumph.

There are no villains among the principals in *Flanagan's Run*. In fact, there are few wicked thoughts or unworthy deeds. This would undoubtedly reduce the narrative to bland mush were it not for the

overriding presence, day after day, of the monumental task Flanagan's runners face for three months—the endless miles in debilitating heat, freezing cold, wind, rain, snow and floods. After the first day, the quota of about 50 miles per day is split into morning and afternoon stages of 20-odd miles apiece, with a three-hour rest period in between. There are occasional rest days, but these frequently turn out to be far more eventful than the running days as Flanagan fulfills his plan to keep his competitors busy—raising money for incidental prizes, providing stories for the press accompanying the runners and keeping himself in good bootleg whiskey: He makes side bets on such stunts involving the runners as a man-against-horse race, a male vs. female tug-of-war, and sideshow boxing matches. "Everywhere we go," he says, "every minute of the way, we aim to put on a show." And he does.

Nevertheless, this is a book about running: 2,000 men and women running more than 3,000 miles for $360,000 in prize money. Along the way, McNab offers some fine prose in describing the racing. He also fills the running segments with interesting and valuable lore on how competitors can keep reasonably fit for such a long grind. One of them, an aging marathoner named Doc Cole, expresses the runners' philosophy thusly: "The way I see it, every single mile we put in, every foot of ground we cover, that's a victory. Every time we think of stopping and keep going, that's another victory. Every goddam moment on that road is, too. Out here we grow every day. We *grow*, don't you see?"

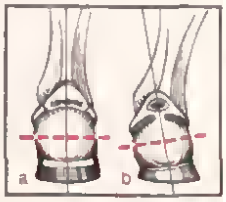
Flanagan's Run is already a bestseller in Britain and deserves its success, but it's going to have its difficulties here. McNab has striven mightily to master ordinary American conversation and slang, but sooner or later most of his characters begin to sound as if they had recently sprung from the streets of Glasgow. "You mayn't look much," says one male competitor to a female runner, "but this ain't no beauty competition." And a reader in Aberdeen, never having been here, could be forgiven for believing that America is dotted with enclaves of homesick Scots, so frequently do Flanagan's people run into them. No, lads, oatcakes, black pudding and haggis aren't on the menu at McDonald's, and if you want a wee drap or a dram at the bar, you'd better ask for a shot. END

GOOD NEWS FOR BAD KNEES.

At Converse,® we've developed two new shoes to help reduce the risk of a problem that has become painfully evident to many runners: knee injuries.

The shoes are called Phaeton™ and Selena.™ And they're based on an exclusive design philosophy no other running shoe has adopted.

We call it the Stabilizer Bar. And simply put, what it does is help control pronation, the brutal side-to-side motion that occurs as your foot rolls inward at heelstrike.



a Normal pronation
b Excessive pronation

Our Stabilizer Bar gently helps "brake" your foot as it pronates, with the result that it helps lessen the twisting motion. So less of it reaches your ankle, less reaches your leg and obviously, less reaches your knee.

The Stabilizer Bar is not, however, the only advantage the Phaeton and Selena enjoy over conventional running shoes. The shoes also have Scotch Lite® Reflective Fabric* for night running safety which, under normal circumstances, allows you to be seen in all directions from over 200 yards away.

The Converse Stabilizer Bar. It acts as a brake during pronation.

And they weigh a mere 270 grams in Size 9.

But superlatives aside, there really is only one way to determine what the Phaeton and Selena can do for you: run, *very carefully*, down to your nearest Converse dealer and try a pair on.

*A trademark of 3M Company

CONVERSE

CONVERSE OFFICIAL SPONSOR OF THE 1984 OLYMPIC GAMES ©1982 CONVERSE INC

The pleasure is back.

BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81; Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SCORECARD

EDITED BY JOHN PAPANEK

MORE TREMORS IN SAN FRANCISCO

The University of San Francisco, twice put on probation by the NCAA in recent years for recruiting and other violations in its basketball program, is getting set for another shock. The school is conducting its own investigation of new charges, one of which is that Quintin Dailey, the star guard who was given three years' probation by San Francisco Superior Court Judge Edward Stern on June 25 after pleading guilty to aggravated assault on a cocd and has since been drafted by the Chicago Bulls, got $1,000 a month last summer for a no-show job with Electric Supply of Salinas, Calif. The firm is owned by J. Luis Zabala, a former president of the Century Club, a USF booster group.

In an interview with SI last week, Dailey said he had, in fact, received about $5,000 in checks from Zabala's company, for which he had done no work. He also implicated Basketball Coach Pete Barry in one of the Zabala payments. Barry became the USF coach in 1980 after Dan Belluomini was forced to resign because of recruiting violations. Dailey said that just before Christmas in 1980 he told Barry that he, Dailey, was behind in his car payments. Shortly afterward, he got a check for $1,000 from Electric Supply. Dailey said he received similar checks for another $3,000 last summer, which he used to pay bills at Macy's California, Montgomery Ward and Pacific Stereo, among other stores. Dailey said he was the recipient of another $1,000 from Zabala's firm this past Christmas. On another occasion, Dailey said, he got $200 in cash in an envelope from Barry "because I needed some money for a Hertz Rent A Car bill" that his brothers had run up in his name.

When Barry was asked if he had ever given any USF players money or served as a conduit for money, he at first refused to comment because the university was investigating, but he later denied that he ever had. When Zabala was asked if he had given Dailey $5,000, he said $5,000 was "not an accurate figure." He made light of the charge by saying, "I've heard everything from $30,000 to $5,000. At least they're coming down. I have cooperated with the University. I've told them everything I know and it's up to the University to release the information. This is no big deal when you've seen what's going on all over the country."

MOSEYING ALONG

"On your mark, get set, go slow," commanded the starter of the First Annual Good Ol' Boys No-Run Run in Scottsboro, Ala. on July 4, and the first wave of bodies meandered off. The non-runners loafed in the heats, but small wonder, seeing as how each was a full 10,000—10,000 millimeters (about 33 feet).

Dedicated to Calvin Coolidge, who said, "I do not choose to run," the race was inspired by *The Non-Runners' Book*. Any of the 300 participants who came in running shoes had to abandon them at the start, but other "aids," like bringing a wheelbarrow to push down the course, were perfectly acceptable.

One "competitor" wore a bowling ball tied to his belt in case he got the urge to run. Others carried lounge chairs along the route. When they tired, they would set a spell and chat. One man said he couldn't go on any longer and passed out in the 97° heat; the race veterinarian attributed his collapse to hoof-in-mouth disease. Another man lost his way.

The winners of each heat, who were urged to amble across the finish line within an hour or so, were escorted to the winners' rectangle—a hammock. It resembled the official race logo, which showed a man in a hammock with a TV set on his stomach and lemonade by his side.

The grand prize (parking for the Knoxville World's Fair in a lot 180 miles from the fairgrounds) winner never found his way into the hammock. An unsuspecting Bill Clopton, who was home in Houston, won by proxy when an anonymous volunteer dawdled for three hours in his name. A confused loser traversed the course in an embarrassingly fast 42 seconds.

The race was held on a site adjacent to Scottsboro's Peachtree Street, whose Atlanta namesake is the site of a more famous July 4 10,000, the Peachtree Road Race. For the 2nd Annual No-Run Run, will Scottsboro go big time and mark off the course on Peachtree itself? Relax, says Mary Ann Cromeans, the race coordinator. "Peachtree is uphill all the way. It would be totally too much exertion."

ALL-STARGATE

The starting lineups selected by the fans for last week's All-Star Game did nothing to refute the charge that the balloting has become simply a popularity contest since the vote was returned to the public in 1970. But is there a better system? From 1958 until '70, the teams were picked by players, managers and coaches, which left none of the fun for the fans. Perhaps the best method was the one used from 1947 until 1956, when the fan balloting seemed to result in just the right lineups year after year.

However, now comes the revelation from former *Chicago Tribune* sportswriter Richard Dozer, now of *The Phoenix Gazette*, that for those nine golden years the fans' preferences had little or nothing to do with the composition of All-Star teams. In those days, the *Tribune* and cooperating papers in other cities printed ballots which were clipped, marked and mailed by the nation's baseball fans to the *Tribune*, whose sports editor, Arch Ward, conceived the game back in 1933 as an adjunct to the Chicago World's Fair. There they would sit—for the most part, unopened—in stacked cartons and bales, while a staffer would compose exciting reports on the voting races.

continued

Every playback is an encore.

Stevie Wonder takes his music home from the studio on TDK. He knows that TDK tape records and captures everything he creates...and gives it back to him playback after playback after playback.

TDK's advanced audio cassette technology gives you the full musical spectrum. Take TDK's AD cassettes, for example. AD's are the normal bias cassettes with a brilliant high end, broad dynamic range and low noise levels. They give you outstanding performances at an outstanding value. That's why Stevie Wonder wouldn't think of using any other cassette.

TDK

Music lives on TDK

©1982 TDK Electro

Lectric shave® makes your bristles stand up for a closer shave

Smart move.

Take stock in America.
Buy U.S. Savings Bonds.

"The daily accounts of Stan Musial slipping a few hundred votes ahead of Gil Hodges, Ted Williams outpolling Mickey Mantle and Al Kaline getting votes at a record pace for a rookie were . . . well . . . largely fiction," says Dozer in an exposé written for the *Gazette*. Sometimes, it was whispered around the *Trib* city room, one of Ward's lieutenants would sample the ballots.

The *Trib*'s creative tallies, writes Dozier, "were an accurate barometer of who really belonged on the All-Star team, regardless of the vote that forever will go untotaled." As for today's computerized voting system, Dozer adds, "In truth, the punch cards simply don't compare with the old finger-on-the-pulse accuracy of the . . . samplings out of those stacked cartons that gathered dust in Arch Ward's office."

EQUAL RIGHTS OR WRONGS?

Few people seemed to notice either the event or the irony, but on June 31, the last day of life for the Equal Rights Amendment, the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women ceased to function. The AIAW, which was founded in 1971 with 280 member institutions, oversaw and helped nurture the great boom in women's collegiate sport in the '70s, which was helped by the enactment of Title IX which prohibits discrimination in schools on the basis of sex. By 1980, women's athletic budgets nationwide had risen from 1% of men's to nearly 16%. Furthermore, AIAW membership had grown to 971 colleges; the number of schools offering athletic scholarships for women had soared from fewer than 60 to more than 635, and the AIAW had created 41 national championships in 19 sports and had signed a four-year television contract with NBC.

As officers of the now-dormant AIAW see it, their organization's success was the very cause of its demise. The NCAA, which in 1976 filed a still unresolved lawsuit against the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, challenging the application of Title IX to intercollegiate athletics, now apparently feels that the revenue-producing potential of women's sports makes them desirable. "When we were making our own uniforms and raking our own fields," says Charlotte West, women's athletic director at Southern Illinois, "the NCAA didn't want us."

continued

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

Cut out this complete coupon. Enclose $2.00 in check or money order to cover handling and shipping costs. You will receive three new Golden Ram® Pro Tour ™Balls, one each of the following colors:
White Orange Hot-Optic™ Yellow Hot-Optic No copies or facsimiles will be accepted

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Golf Course Played _____ Golf Professional _____

SHOOT OUT RAM GOLF CORP. PO. BOX 508 PONTOTOC, MISSISSIPPI 38863
Offer expires August 31, 1982. Allow 6-8 weeks delivery. Offer limited to Continental USA.

Golden Ram

1

Tom Watson

"THIS IS THE BALL I PLAYED TO WIN THE OPEN."

Tom Watson has won The U.S. Open, The L.A. Open and The Heritage Classic with it. In only seven months on the Professional Tour, The Golden Ram Pro Tour has already won six times. It's not just another good ball. It's very likely the best being played today. Try it. And, judge for yourself.

PRATT

JUST ENOUGH BETTER TO WIN

In 1981, however, the NCAA began to lure schools away from the AIAW by, among other enticements, providing transportation expenses to its national championship events, which the AIAW couldn't afford to do. Also, in the 1981-82 school year, the NCAA chose to schedule 16 of its 29 women's championships in direct conflict with those of the AIAW. The AIAW says that the NCAA laid out $3 million to subsidize women's championships during the past school year, just about what the AIAW spent in its first 10 years of existence. As a result, 119 member schools left the AIAW for the NCAA.

"It's like being a Safeway store and giving bread out on the street," says Margot Polivy, an attorney for the AIAW, which has filed an antitrust suit against the NCAA, scheduled to come to trial on Aug. 25. "The bakery next door says, 'We can't compete with that,' and Safeway says, 'That's competition.' "

"Really, there are no options," says West. "You can't compete unless you go NCAA." However, she cautions that with the NCAA money will come the same difficulties that have been increasingly plaguing men's programs. "Without a doubt, the NCAA recruiting rules will prove to be more costly than ours." Those rules allow paid campus visits by recruits, and more trips by recruiters. "And who'll pay? The money will have to come from other sports, forcing cutbacks there."

There will be other changes. The AIAW chose its governing board in truly open elections; the NCAA's candidates almost invariably run unopposed. The AIAW's legislative body and committees included student members; the NCAA's doesn't. And there is no guarantee that women will be able to exercise control over their own sports. "The NCAA is kind of an old-boy network," says AIAW President Merrily Dean Baker, whose organization remains incorporated but isn't operating any programs. At least one NCAA delegate, Arkansas Athletic Director Frank Broyles, concurs. He predicts that voting power for women within the NCAA will never exceed 5%. "The NCAA wants to control all of intercollegiate athletics and doesn't want another organization to compete with it," says Broyles. For a while, the AIAW did attempt to work out a compromise under which the NCAA would create autonomous divisions for men and women, but, says Baker, "The NCAA was singularly uninterested."

The AIAW has sufficient reason to feel muscled aside by the male-dominated NCAA. It remains to be seen whether women's intercollegiate athletics will come out the better or the worse for it.

SIN-CERE GRATITUDE

America may be near the bottom of the world's class when it comes to interest in soccer, but in sports television it is "recognized around the world," as a certain network likes to claim, as No. 1. During the World Cup tournament, only one American network televised every one of the 52 games either live or on same-day tape delay. That was the Spanish International Network (SIN), headquartered in New York, which sent its telecasts to 193 affiliates serving 30 million U.S. households. Of course, many of the viewers understood *ni una palabra* of the Spanish commentary; nonetheless, SIN made many new *amigos gringos*. Soccer aficionados in Richmond, Tulsa and Seattle petitioned their local cable companies to pick up the telecasts, and many fans and TV critics agreed with the sentiments of Charlie Robins, who wrote in *The Tampa Times*, "I've been able to watch and enjoy the World Cup without turning the sound down, something I can't say for ABC's *Monday Night Football*."

One viewer in Queens, N.Y., Irish-born Martin Hamrogue, was so enraptured with SIN's coverage, he went out and bought a sample of every product that was advertised during the games—including Carta Blanca beer, Tecate beer, Presidente brandy and Barcel *churritos*—and sent a collage made from their labels to SIN.

Aside from the soccer action, viewers especially enjoyed the familiar commercial for Coca-Cola featuring the cute little boy and the star athlete. Only in this version, it wasn't Mean Joe Greene but Diego Maradona, the 21-year-old Argentine forward, who throws his jersey to the kid in return for a Coke as the kid says, "*¡Gracias, campeón!*" To thank its viewers, SIN began rebroadcasting 37 of the 52 games last week.

SWEPT AWAY

Six nights had passed and the Sweep Six pool at Exhibition Park, a thoroughbred racetrack in Vancouver, British Columbia, had gone uncollected. Sweep Six is a form of wagering in which the object is to pick the winners of six consecutive races—in this case, the fourth through the ninth. Each night, after no bettors had succeeded in winning the prize, the Sweep Six pool had been carried over and added to the next night's action. By race time on July 10, the total to be won had grown to more than $2.2 million ($1.7 million U.S.). That night, a Vancouver real estate man and horse owner-breeder named Peter Wall, with a few minority investors, bought between $10,000 and $20,000 worth of $2 combinations. Sure enough, Wall hit the six winners. So did two other anonymous bettors, one of whom had laid out only $4. Each winning ticket was worth $579,129 (U.S.), which is believed to be the biggest single payoff in racing history. The best part for the winners is that Canada collects no taxes on gambling earnings.

BASEBALL CRIME RATE SOARS

A major league record for theft was set in Riverfront Stadium during the July 5 game between St. Louis and Cincinnati. On the field, four Cardinals and five Reds stole second base.

While the feat falls short of the modern major league record of 16 stolen bases set in a game between New York and Boston in 1912, there were eight additional thefts that evening: While the game was in progress, five of the Reds' lockers were burglarized and three Cardinal jerseys were pilfered.

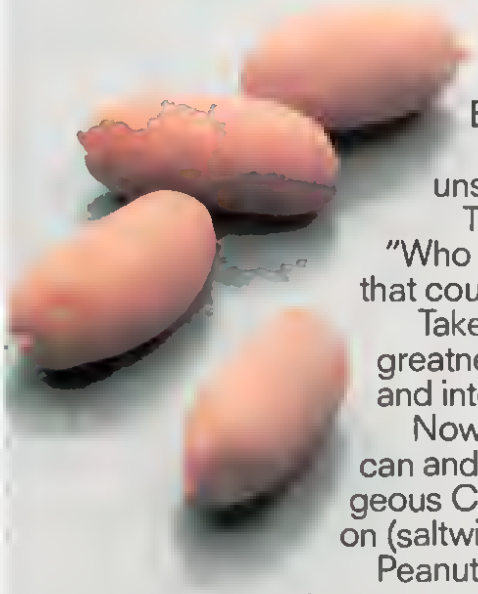
All told, that made 17 steals, and a new major league record.

THEY SAID IT

- Pierre Trudeau, Canada's prime minister, on Canadian-American trade: "Canada is a country whose main exports are hockey players and cold fronts. Our main imports are baseball players and acid rain."
- Tom Lasorda, Dodger manager, on the World Cup: "I was really glad to see Italy win. All of the guys on the team were Italians."
- Bobby Knight, Indiana University basketball coach, addressing a banquet in Carson City, Nev.: "When I say 'start,' let's have five seconds of silence." Pause. "That's pretty good. That gives something for the news media to quote with absolute accuracy." **END**

THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE UNSUNG UNSALTED PEANUT.

Or, why it's time for the New Planters Unsalted Cocktail Peanut to come out of its shell and take its rightful place in snack history.



Who among us has not loved that fresh out-of-the-shell peanut taste at the ball park? At the circus? Even at the zoo (one for the elephant, two for you)? But as an all-time great snack, the peanut unsalted has been unexalted.

There are times when you have to say, "Who needs the shell when it's the nut inside that counts!"

Take heart! Planters has brought this greatness out of its shell. Out of obscurity and into the snacking mainstream.

Now all you do is open our beautiful blue can and there they are in all their glory. Gorgeous Cocktail Peanuts with absolutely nothing on (saltwise, that is).

Peanut lovers will tell you these are the tastiest nuts you ever wrapped your mouth around. The Cocktail Peanut unadorned. Smooth, silky, and succulent. In fact, if you're a lover of unsalted munchies, we don't have to go on. But maybe you've never experienced that fresh out-of-the-shell taste from a pure, bare peanut.

Take the challenge! Pop them in your mouth with soup for lunch. With a drink in the evening. Try them on the kids after school. Impress your discriminating guests at your next party.

Then ask yourself: Is this not the most classic rendition of peanutness you have ever tasted? Does it not add a certain specialness to the ordinary occasion?

And when you have your answer, don't just tell it. Sing it.

We just won't feel we've done our job right if people aren't finally singing the praises of the formerly unsung unsalted peanut.

NEW FROM PLANTERS

© Nabisco Brands, Inc. 1982

Sports Illustrated
JULY 26, 1962

A Fourth On The Firth

Tom Watson's latest British Open win, at Troon, came thanks to a young American who faded and a South African who folded **by DAN JENKINS**

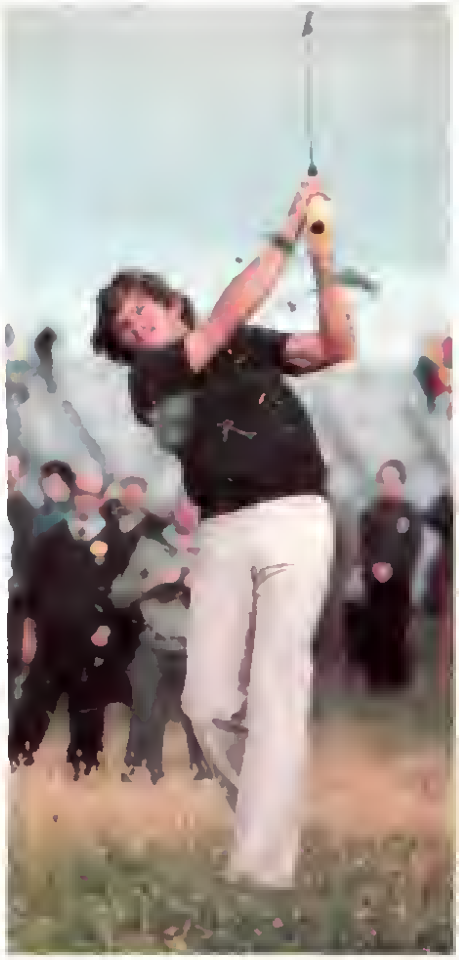
For three days in Scotland last week the 111-year-old British Open Golf Championship belonged to Bobby Clampett, a 22-year-old American pro out of the Yellow Pages. Then, for much of Sunday's final round, it belonged to Nicky Price—ah, how fleeting the fame of Price—a South African who was about as obscure as a kudu in a clump of thorn trees. Finally, however, order was restored and the title wound up in the hands of Tom Watson for the fourth time in eight years. It should have been gift-wrapped and accompanied by a singing telegram.

Watson started winning this Open at Royal Troon on the west coast of Scotland, hard by the Firth of Clyde, because Clampett shot about a million in the last two rounds after firing very low area codes on Thursday and Friday—actually he soared from 67–66 to 78–77. And eventually Watson *did* win it because Price, having made three straight birdies, went to the 13th tee in the last round with a three-stroke lead and proceeded to slash and gouge his way out of the championship over the next five holes.

Watson's Sunday began with a save of par, ended with a victory kiss from wife Linda.

Evidently, Watson can't win all majors as dramatically as he did the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach last month. This time he bogeyed the 15th hole just when he really didn't need to, then routinely parred the final three holes. After that came an interlude during which Watson waited calmly for Price, who grew up in Zimbabwe, to falter in the manner of most unknowns. Earlier in the tournament, Price, 25, mustache, Sundance-style hair, had said, "I wouldn't want to be in Clam-

continued



Price was almost peerless until the final holes.

pett's place with that lead; I couldn't handle it. I just want to finish in the top 10."

There wasn't much doubt among the cognoscenti that Price would eventually cave in, although he took his own sweet time getting around to it. He had been nearer to Clampett than anyone else from the beginning. But such miracles as the one pulled off by Jack Fleck, who stunned Ben Hogan and the rest of the planet Earth by winning the U.S. Open in 1955, are to be expected only once every half century. Price came close at Troon, but the woods are full of close. In the end, after he had played the last six holes in four over par, Price was simply a nice young man who tied Peter Oosterhuis, never a factor, for second and who plans to enter the PGA Tour's qualifying school this fall.

Nevertheless, having started Sunday a stroke behind Clampett, he was definitely in the lead after birdieing 11. Watson, the only certifiable menace to him, was playing three holes ahead and was a stroke behind. Clampett had collapsed. The various former champions in the U.S. contingent were in disarray further back. Jack Nicklaus (1966, '70 and '78) was unable to overcome his opening 77 and would finish tied for 10th with Clampett. Bill Rogers, last year's winner, and Johnny Miller ('76) were both floundering and would end tied for 22nd. Arnold Palmer ('61 and '62) would wind up tied for 27th. So would Lee Trevino ('71 and '72). Tom Weiskopf ('73 at Troon) didn't make the final cut.

So Price had a decent shot. In the final analysis, he lost because he started driving the ball too near to the heather-covered dunes. An errant tee shot cost him a bogey at the 13th. A wild drive, a wilder second shot and a clumsy blast out of a bunker resulted in a horrendous double bogey at 15. That catastrophe catapulted Watson into a tie for the lead. Finally, Price found a way to chip past the cup at the par-3 17th after a fat tee shot, leaving himself a treacherous five-foot putt that would have been impossible even if it hadn't meant the British Open. Other golfers before Price had faced the same putt, and they, too, had misread it. Ben Crenshaw, for one, explained later, "The putt looks like it breaks left, but it goes right. He had no chance." Price's putt indeed slid off to the right as Watson stood patiently behind the 18th green with his wife Linda, hurriedly composing a victory speech.

Watson did a few things right himself in winning for the fourth time on Scottish soil—he was the Open champion at Carnoustie in 1975, at Turnberry in '77 and at Muirfield in '80. Each of these wins had come in a different fashion, and last week's at Troon was no exception. Watson played extremely well during his closing 70, a two-under round, which gave him a four-under total of 284. He drove the ball as expertly and incredibly long as he had at Pebble Beach. He putted bravely and nearly with his usual wizardry on the slower-than-normal greens. He even chipped in for a birdie on Saturday, a little something extra we're coming to expect from Watson.

The best thing Watson did, however, was strike one of the most glorious drives in the history of steel shafts at the 11th hole on Sunday and follow it up with as grand a three-iron to produce the eagle 3 he badly needed to get himself in a position to win.

The 11th is Troon's second-most-famous hole; The Postage Stamp, the 126-yard 8th, is better known, only because it is so short and cute and a lot of Willie Auchterlonies used to talk about it. The 11th is The Railway hole, a 481-yard par-5 that is generally played into a howling wind. It's a narrow chunk of real estate featuring a railroad track and out of bounds to the golfer's right and a long buffet of gorse on the left. The fairway is nothing but moguls. Palmer, who added a good deal of nostalgia and even a few early thrills to Troon last week by leading for a time in the first round, made the brutal 11th famous back in 1962 when, in effect, he won the tournament by subduing it with one eagle and two birdies.

On Sunday Watson reached the 11th tee trailing Price by two. Clampett was driving the final nails in his own coffin by trying for the pins too boldly, overshooting everything and taking bogeys at the 7th, 8th and 9th holes, and Watson needed to make something happen if Price was ever to be subjugated. Watson had displayed his power by driving the 1st green on Saturday, a mere 362 yards. Now, facing a slightly crossing wind that wasn't helping at all, he drove precisely 278 yards and into the heart of the bumpy fairway. His three-iron was on a level lie, and he cracked it perfectly. The ball traveled 203 yards to the green, and a few valuable feet more.

In fact, the ball looked for a moment as if it would roll into the cup for a double eagle. Instead it stopped three feet short, and Watson dropped the putt for the eagle. From there to the clubhouse, Watson made only one minor mistake. That was when his string of comfortable pars was broken by a bogey at the par-4 15th. Here, he hit a six-iron from the light rough through the green, chipped back indifferently and then two-putted. Elsewhere, he stroked birdie putts of medium range to within inches of the cups. His wasn't so much a charge to victory as it was a businesslike journey designed to avoid all possible calamities while waiting for others, like your Nicky Prices, to suffer them.

Sunday marked Watson's seventh win in a major—the four British Opens, the Masters twice, last month's U.S. Open—and that puts him on a new plateau of greatness. Only six immortals have won more than seven: Nicklaus (19), Bobby Jones (13), Walter Hagen (11), Ben Hogan and Gary Player (9) and Palmer (8). Watson's seven ties him with Harry Vardon, Gene Sarazen and Sam Snead. He also became only the fifth player to win both the British and U.S. Opens in the same year.

It was, however, one of the few victories that has truly surprised Watson. "I played better from tee to green than I did at Pebble," he said, "but I never expected to win, because I didn't putt all that great. When I came off 18, I thought I'd lost. It's a funny feeling to win this way, because I wasn't prepared for it. I've never had one given to me."

Which is what made it distinctly different from Watson's other Opens. At Carnoustie he had to beat the Australian Jack Newton in a playoff. At Turnberry he had his magnificent one-on-one, 36-hole battle with Nicklaus, surviving by the thread of a single shot. And at Muirfield he had a stroll on the moors, gliding home by four. Now the gift of Troon.

The real loser at Troon, however, wasn't Price, but Clampett, a slightly mysterious but likable lad with perhaps the most potential of any young player on the American tour. Clampett's golf swing is impressive even when his shots go wrong, and hardly any of them did in the first two rounds, when his opening 67 and following 66 almost blew everybody into the Firth.

Clampett is the most studious of golfers. He likes to think about the game in terms of physics, a bent that belies his quiet sense of humor and a hairdo that earned him the nickname of Harpo on the U.S. tour. He's a Northern California kid who sees himself as more of a mechanical golfer than an artistic one. He has a perfect grip and that beautiful swing, and his fellow pros consider him the "best aimer" since Nicklaus. He has been close to winning many times in his two years on the tour—he had four seconds in 1981—and it has long been thought that he might well become the golfer of the late '80s.

All this was before his collapse at Troon, which began on the 42nd hole, the par-5 6th on the third round. Clampett was 12 under par to that point and leading by seven shots. He had worn knickers, posed for thousands of photographs with his girl friend, Ann Mebane, and spoken of his contract with the Bell System Yellow Pages, which is why his golf bag is black and bright yellow and why he often dresses like a bumblebee in the States.

But Clampett's magic and his clear-thinking processes deserted him on that 42nd hole. He played unwisely out of two bunkers and staggered through to a triple-bogey 8. Afterward, it was as if he had been run over by a truck. Mentally, he never recovered—the 78 and 77 were proof of that. The big question Troon posed is how Clampett will handle his debacle there, not how many more majors Watson will collect. A brilliant career may be lying back where the Firth washes up against the sand hills.

"I feel sorry for Bobby," Watson said Sunday evening. "He may be crying right now, but I've cried before, and he'll learn to be tough."

Like Tom Watson did, maybe. END

An episode in Clampett's demise: From an unplayable lie in the gorse at the 11th on Saturday, he took a drop and then made a bogey.

Rocky The Wreck Rides Again

Restaurateur Rocky Aoki, bent and broken in a crash, returned to racing with a bang, winning his own Benihana race **by ALEXANDER WOLFF**

Rocky Aoki picked up his bedside phone at 2 o'clock on the morning of the Benihana Grand Prix, his first race on the U.S. offshore circuit since a horrendous powerboating accident nearly killed him three years ago. The woman on the line styled herself an astrologer, and on this day, she said, the stars boded ill for Rocky: another accident, a crippling injury, even death. So naturally the 43-year-old restaurateur went out and covered the 208-mile course off Point Pleasant Beach, N.J. at a record speed to win the race he has sponsored since 1975. And all the while Aoki was driving the 37½-foot *Benihana*, he seemed as carefree as a teen Bruce Springsteen cruising on nearby Highway 9.

Rocky's heart may be stitched together with Dacron, but he's still hungry. And not altogether naive. "I'm driving wondering, 'When am I going to die?' " he said afterward. "I was challenging astrologer, too, and to me it was more challenge. I always say, you afraid of dying, you afraid of living also. Death and life are next to each other anyways."

Death and life were really cheek by jowl back on Sept. 14, 1979. Aoki was testing a powerboat on San Francisco Bay when, suddenly, the boat lost its trim, tucked under a wave and disintegrated. The crash did to Aoki's 5′ 4″ body what one of his Benihana of Tokyo samurai chefs can do to a six-ounce boneless sirloin at your table before your very eyes. Aoki's liver was lacerated, his aorta ruptured, his left leg and right arm each sectioned into four pieces. Surgeons had to remove his spleen and gallbladder to work on his liver. They also performed a 10-hour coronary bypass operation, stitching up the aorta and leaving a scar down the front of his torso that looks like a jacket zipper.

While still in the hospital, Aoki ordered his racing team to Venice for the 1979 world championship. "Did they check you for *brain* damage?" Glen Simoes, Aoki's guy Friday, remembers asking his boss. When Aoki realized that his racing career might be over, he had phoned Howard Quam, another driver. Quam, who owns a stack of pancake houses around Chicago, had qualified for the worlds but didn't want to spend the money to go to Italy. Aoki said he'd pick up the cost—if Quam would race his boat as *Benihana*. Quam had no qualms. He went to Venice, finished fifth and said to Aoki, "Anytime *you* need a favor, let me know."

The debt came due last October at the Offshore Racing Commission's annual meeting in Miami. Against the dicta of doctors and common sense, Aoki intimated he would be making a comeback. Quam offered Rocky his new boat, a 37½-foot Active catamaran named *Flap Jack*, and his services as a throttleman for the Benihana Grand Prix. Aoki, of course, made sure the boat would be renamed after his restaurants.

Aoki has been a promoter ever since he stopped in New York City in 1960 as a flyweight wrestler on the Japanese Olympic team, kind of liked it and returned to stay. The nest egg that ultimately hatched his restaurant fortune was the $10,000 he made from three years of tooling around Harlem in a Mister Softee ice cream truck. Since then hobbies have come and gone, ranging from backgammon to publishing to promoting prizefights to ballooning across the Pacific.

But Aoki's love of powerboat racing has abided. It all started in 1974 when former U.S. champion Bob Magoon took him for a spin, hoping to get his sponsorship. But the ride turned Aoki from a prospective patron who couldn't swim into an instant rival. Within a year Aoki entered his first open-class race, a 184-mile run from Miami to Nassau, and beat Magoon, Carlo Bonomi, the reigning world champion, and everyone else. Rocky went on to win five more U.S.

Benihana flew over the tranquil Atlantic at a record speed of 80.25 mph for 208 miles.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

offshore races before the 1979 disaster.

"For a while my hobby was collecting cars," Aoki says. "I have Bentley, Rolls-Royce, Ferrari. I have 30 or 40 cars. And two-car garage. A problem. Italian mechanic steals six or seven cars. I don't know for two months. I play backgammon until 6 a.m.; I cannot work. I collect houses—in Los Angeles, in Miami, two in New Jersey, New York apartment, Atlanta condominium. I don't go to Atlanta for two years! These things are headaches. After accident I decide to sell everything. I want to live simply."

Uncharacteristically, he even sold his boats. Aoki tends to abandon a hobby only after he feels certain that he has mastered it. He stopped wrestling after winning the AAU's Wrestler of the Year award in 1964; he dropped serious backgammon soon after beating former world champ Oswald Jacoby in 1974. But he has never won a U.S. or world powerboating title.

Though Aoki's physician doubted that his patched-up body could stand the three-hour pounding in a powerboat hull, if Rocky had any doubts, they weren't evident at the drivers' meeting the day before the Benihana. While officials briefed the crews on the course, Aoki piped up. "Don't worry," he told the other racers. "Just follow me."

The Benihana Grand Prix is run almost entirely up and down the New Jersey shoreline, pleasing both spectators (evidently; some 250,000 line the beaches each year) and drivers (manifestly; few get lost). But there's one nettlesome dogleg on the open-class course, marked by the "BA buoy," seven miles offshore at the northern end. Aoki and Quam decided that 20 miles into the race they'd route themselves past the start-finish line checkpoint at Point Pleasant before heading out to sea and the BA marker. Though the detour would add about a mile to the leg, the extra reference point would make it easier to hit the buoy. As for his health, Aoki announced that if the ocean was rough, *Benihana* would carry a crew of four rather than the usual three. That way Aoki was expendable. "If I cannot do it," he said, "I simply throw myself in water at some checkpoint."

Race day came up hazy, but with catamaran weather: pleasant over glass. *Benihana* led at the start, and the crew's conservative navigating strategy served it well. Several drivers had trouble picking out the BA buoy on the chalky horizon. Others, like defending world champion Jerry Jacoby, the national point-standings leader going into the race, hardly had to bother with buoys. Jacoby's *Cigarette Hawk* blew an engine early in the race, becoming one of six boats in the 13-craft open class that failed to finish. Betty Cook, the two-time world champion who moved atop the point standings by placing fourth in *Michelob Light*, called *Benihana* "one dynamite boat. It's fast, and seems quite rugged."

Not that *Benihana* had a glitch-free time of it. Twice Aoki inadvertently tripped his kill switch, the cord running from each crewman's life jacket to the ignition that automatically cuts the engine if he's thrown from the cockpit. Aoki's cord was too short and he couldn't control his weak legs well enough to keep tension from building on the kill-switch line. Quam was upset. "We had a little fight out there," Aoki said later. "We lost 40 seconds one time, about two minutes the other. But we had very good time [2:35:33, and an 80.25-mph average speed] in boat made in United States." The kill switches, he said jokingly, were made in Japan. END

The Benihana boys: Navigator Mike Nebus, Aoki, Quam.

Mary Decker Tabb celebrated her homecoming by entering a 10,000—and set her seventh world record of 1982 **by KENNY MOORE**

It Was Just Another Mary Chase

It's a law of nature that U.S. runners drag home from the European wars each summer exhausted. "The first day back," Steve Scott has said, "my legs are always so weak I wonder whatever gave me the dumb idea I could run." Or they come back broken. In 1980 Mary Decker departed the Continent with a strained Achilles tendon that would eventually require surgery. She had run 2,000 meters of, as she put it, "just one last 3,000 before I go," when the tendon went.

Decker wasn't to recover for a year. In fact, when she married marathoner Ron Tabb last summer, a wedding guest was heard to whisper, "She goes lame so often now you can call her Pull-Tabb."

Tabb, a patient and selfless man, has been instrumental in gently guiding his sometimes overspirited wife through a gradual return to her extraordinary form. Both of them, in turn, have been overseen by Athletics West administrator Dick Brown, also a marvelously soothing soul and a highly trained physiologist, who stressed consistency and caution.

The result had been this year's spate of six world records, four of them indoors—the 3,000 (8:47.3) and three successive improvements in the mile, culminating in a 4:20.5 on Feb. 19 in San Diego—and two of them outdoors, a 15:08.26 in the 5,000 in Eugene on June 5 and a 4:18.08 mile on July 9 in Paris. Moreover, Decker Tabb set an American women's mark in the 3,000 (8:29.71) on July 7 in Oslo, narrowly missing the world record of 8:27.12 held by Lyudmila Bragina of the Soviet Union.

To forestall potential injury, the Tabbs flew home to Eugene, Ore. late last week for a three-week recharge before returning for late August races in Nice, Zurich, Brussels and Koblenz. They were 16 hours in planes and concourses between Geneva and Eugene last Thursday. "Alberto and Molly Salazar were on the same planes," says Decker Tabb. "And

The prize for winning the all-comers race in Eugene? A world-record hug from Ron.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYNE EASTBURN

Alberto said that despite setting American records in the 5,000 and 10,000 [13:11.93 and 27:25.61], he felt he had a good 10,000 left in him." Salazar wondered aloud—and presciently, it turned out—whether it would count in the eyes of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, which approves track and field world records, if he set a mark in one of Eugene's all-comers meets.

"All-comers meets?" said Decker Tabb. "You'd want to run that hard in a little all-comers meet?"

The Tabbs finally made it to their chocolate-brown bungalow, and Mary collapsed into bed at 1 a.m. Friday. She slept until 11 and still couldn't get up the gumption for a morning jog. She weighed herself: 103 pounds, very light for her. At 4:30 that afternoon Ron was reading the paper. "Hey," he said. "They're having a women's 10,000 tonight."

"Where?" said Mary.

"Down at the track [the University of Oregon's Hayward Field]. At the all-comers meet."

"That rings a bell," thought Mary.

She called Brown and inquired if she might run. He said she could enter, but only if she promised three things: not to wear spikes—only flats—to save her legs; that if she was feeling bad, she'd drop out; and that she'd do no track work for a week afterward. Ron agreed that all restrictions would be adhered to.

"They gang up on me," said Mary.

Brown checked and found that official marks could be set in the race. "Go to break Mary Shea's American record (of 32:52.5)—but just by a little bit," said Brown. "Seventy-nine seconds per lap will do it."

The world record was 32:17.19, held by Yelena Sipatova of the Soviet Union, although Denmark's Loa Olafsson has run a 31:45.4 that wasn't accepted because there were men in the race. "I think you can run 76s or 77s," said Ron. He told Brown Mary could run 31:30. He has credentials as a prognosticator, having predicted 4:18 in the Paris mile.

At 8 p.m. the summer twilight at Hayward Field was almost Scandinavian in its coolness. The daylong north wind had dropped. And about 500 Eugenians ringed the track. Mary, growing eager, was trying to get out of part of her deal. "Don't *you* think I ought to wear spikes?" she asked an old friend, John Gregorio, who's also a shoe representative. But old friends know all about her fragility. "Nice soft flats," said Gregorio.

Decker Tabb went to the line. In flats. Beside her was Eryn Forbes of Oregon, the runner-up in the NCAA 10,000. "What pace are you going out in?" asked Decker Tabb.

"Seventy-nines," said Forbes.

"I'll just stay behind for a while," said Mary.

It was a very short while. Decker Tabb had the lead and was running away after 50 yards. "Well, the pace felt way too *slow*," she said afterward. "I just picked it up to where I felt relaxed." Her first four laps were 76, 77, 76 and 77, a 5:06 mile. She didn't even look as if she had begun to sweat. Her second mile was 5:07, and still she ran with the miler's power, perhaps overstriding a little, but obviously in complete control. "I just wanted to relax," she said. "I wasn't sure when you should try to push it, or even *whether* you should."

Her third mile was in 5:10, the 5,000 passed in 15:55, world record pace. Ron stood by the track, calling "77 . . . 78 . . . 77 . . ." as Mary ground out the laps.

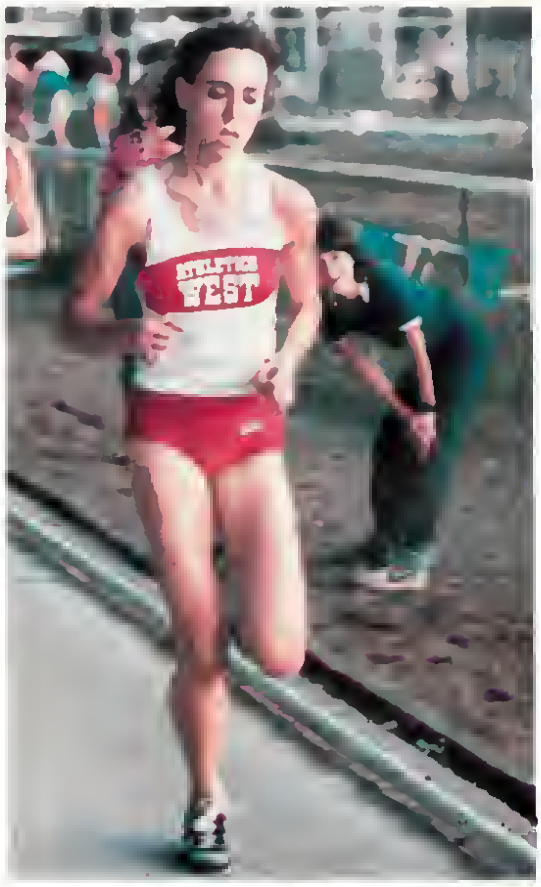
In the fourth mile her bounding power was ebbing. Decker Tabb simply ran with a quicker cadence. The miles went by in 5:04, 5:06, 5:03. Along the last backstretch spectators roared her on and then ran across the infield to see the finish. Decker Tabb sprinted well, though she said, "I couldn't *kick* in those shoes. They felt cloddy, not like *track* shoes."

She crossed the line in 31:35.3, the fastest 10,000 ever by a woman on a track and her seventh world record of 1981. (On the road, Grete Waitz of Norway has run a 31:00.) It was Decker Tabb's third world mark in six weeks and made her the fastest U.S. woman of the year at all six distances from 800 to 10,000 meters.

Because of the relative ease with which she set the record, Decker Tabb at first discounted the significance of her run. "It just proves the records aren't real stiff yet," she said. "I'd like to try it again. It will come down some more."

The next day she added, "That 3,000 [in Oslo] was my best run. It's a tougher record than the five or 10. That's the one I want to go back and get." The 3,000 will be the longest race on the track for women in the 1984 Olympics, when everything comes back to where Decker Tabb grew up, in Los Angeles.

"But first maybe Alberto and I could wait a couple of weeks and try another of these neat all-comers meets. He can do his 10,000, and I'll do the 5,000. I'd get more satisfaction from breaking 15 minutes than I would from winning some 1,000-meter race in Nice."



Decker Tabb ran flat-out in flats: 31:35.3.

This idea has yet to get Brown's approval, but Ron said he knows Mary can run in the 14:30s. "I get so much satisfaction out of watching her progress," he says. "I think, for example, that if she can stay healthy, she'll be the first woman to break 2.20 in the marathon." He looked at Mary, who was squirming to get out and run an easy six. "I've found a great training partner."

"Me, too," said Mary. "Let's go." END

They Haven't Been Kidding Around

Seriously, folks, a lot of rookies in the National League look as though they've been in the bigs for ages

by STEVE WULF

To diligent readers of box scores, they have been a constant source of surprise these past few months. Ray 2b 6 3 4 2. Laskey (W, 7–5) 9 8 1 1 5 7. HR—Davis (10). SB—Dernier 3. 3B—Sax 2. Show S,3 2 0 0 0 1. McGee cf 5 2 4 2.

They're rookies, all of them. They have overrun and overpowered the National League almost overnight. Fifty-seven of the 300 players on the league's rosters, an astounding 19%, are fledglings, and although they may be wet behind the earflaps, 35 have played major roles for their teams. The debs are having a ball. Where would the Pirates be without Johnny Ray, the Cardinals without Willie McGee, the Giants without Chili Davis and Bill Laskey, the Padres without their kiddie corps of relievers?

The American League, too, has its share of freshmen—48 in all—but Kent Hrbek of the Twins dwarfs his classmates. In the National League, the Dodgers seem to have a lock on the Rookie of the Year award, having produced the last three winners, and they have another candidate this season in Second Baseman Steve Sax, the only rookie on the league's All-Star team. But the field is crowded. The following presentation is a Who's Who of who's new, a sort of tyro-scope.

JOHNNY RAY. Without a doubt, the best of the lot. As of last Sunday, Ray, a switch-hitting second baseman, was second in the league in hits with 107, and he could become the second rookie in league history to top the hit parade. Charles Hollocher of the Cubs did it in 1918. Ray could also be the fifth NL rookie and the first since Richie Allen in 1964 to get 200 hits.

"It's a shame and a disgrace that he didn't make the All-Star team," says Pittsburgh Third Baseman Bill Madlock. "They shouldn't take the selection away from the fans, they should take it from

Sax of the Dodgers fits in with All-Stars like Ray Knight, Bob Horner and Ozzie Smith.

the manager. The only thing Sax can do better than Johnny is run, but Tommy Lasorda took Sax because they're both Dodgers. That's all right, though. Johnny Ray's going to be in the next 15 All-Star Games."

Ray grew up in Chouteau, Okla., about 37 miles east of Tulsa. "We had one traffic light," he says. His father, Ray Charles Ray, once tried out for the Pirates. Ray Ray taught Johnny to switch-hit his sophomore year in high school, but died in an automobile accident while Johnny was in junior college.

In 1979, as a senior, Johnny helped Arkansas to a second-place finish in the College World Series and was drafted in the 12th round by Houston. Bob Cluck, who was head of minor league instruction for the Astros before he became the Padres' director of player development last year, says, "After his first year in A ball, we were going to keep him there, but he said, 'Just give me one shot at Double A.' Well, he sort of talked us into it. He ended up hitting .324."

In September of last year, Ray and two minor leaguers to be named later were traded to the Pirates for Phil Garner. Houston needed a veteran second baseman at the time, and the rap against Ray was that he couldn't field. Astro officials now cringe at mere mention of the deal.

In his first game against Houston, on April 29, Ray went four for four with a double and a stolen base. He has had three other four-hit games, and only twice has he gone as many as two games without a hit. "He's a tremendous hitter," says Garner, "one of the best-disciplined young hitters I've seen."

Under the tutelage of Pirate Coach Al Monchak, Ray became a very good second baseman in spring training. "While everybody was running off to the beaches," says Monchak, "Johnny was working, taking ground balls. I remember the first thing I asked him was 'Can you dance?' When he said 'Yes,' I knew there'd be no problem."

"I thought Al was crazy when he asked me that," says Ray, "but playing second base is really a little like ballet." During the spring, Madlock asked the Royals' Frank White, the Baryshnikov of second basemen, to give Ray some pointers on the pivot, and that has paid off, too.

Ray's hitting was never a concern to the Pirates. He's a better batter from the left side, which is odd because he's a natural righty. "The thing I liked about him right off was that he got mad when things didn't go well," says Madlock. Ray, however, kept cool when Madlock and some other Pirates acted as if they intended to stick him with a $900 check in a Chicago restaurant. "I might still be washing dishes if they hadn't chipped in," Ray says. Welcome to the bigs, kid.

WILLIE MCGEE His initiation into the big show came two weeks ago in Cincinnati. Falling victim to an old trick, he opened a tin box labeled WILD MONGOOSE and out popped a furry fake. The shrieking McGee took off across the clubhouse and tried to climb a bank of lockers. Said Darrell Porter, "If he could get a jump like that when he's on base, nobody would ever throw him out."

Actually, McGee is doing fairly well without the mongoose. At week's end he had 12 stolen bases; more impressive, he was batting .311 with 24 RBIs, four of them game-winners. Since being called up in May, he has become, unquestionably, the best rookie in the league.

The baseball world wasn't exactly stunned when on Oct. 21, 1981 the Yankees traded the 22-year-old McGee, who had never moved higher in their system than Double A Nashville, to the Cardinals for Bob Sykes, a journeyman pitcher. But the trade could turn out to be one of the great Yankee follies: Sykes was recently sent down to Nashville because his ERA was 8.02 after 15 games at Triple A Columbus. Says McGee, "Any young guy would have been up and down with the Yankees. I don't think I would have been in the majors for two or three years, and if I'd had to wait that long, I would've quit."

The Cardinals also underestimated

continued

When Tony Pena and his Pirate teammates saw Ray (3) play, it was love at first sight.

The Yankees didn't want McGee, and when the season began, neither did the Cards.

ROOKIES *continued*

McGee. Although he did well in spring training, St. Louis kept its more highly touted rookie outfielder, David Green, and sent McGee to Louisville. But Green was injured and McGee was called up on May 9. He hit .359 his first month, and when Green came off the disabled list, he was the one to go to Louisville, not McGee. Manager Whitey Herzog says, "I didn't think Willie would come that fast with the bat."

Fast is the word for McGee, who goes to first in less than four seconds. On May 13, when he got his first major league hit against the Braves, McGee tried to score from second on a single, but he broke late, ran through a stop sign at third and then pulled up 20 feet short of the plate. With a little experience, there may be no stopping him.

CHARLES DAVIS When he was recently asked who he thought would be Rookie of the Year, Davis thought for a moment and said, "I like this Jamaican kid, the one with the funny nickname."

Quite frankly, Chili (rhymes with Willie) is absolutely right, even if he's less than humble. Through Sunday, the Jamaican kid with the funny nickname had 52 RBIs and was hitting .268, .325 with runners in scoring position. He reminds people of another Giant centerfielder (no, not Von Joshua).

Davis moved with his family from Kingston, Jamaica to Los Angeles when he was nine. The legend behind his nickname is that one day, when he was coming out of a barbershop, a friend kidded Davis that the barber must have used a chili bowl while giving him his haircut. Chili Bowl was soon shortened to Chili. "I was pretty rebellious when I was young," he says. "I could've turned out to be a gangster or a drug addict if my family hadn't got on me. I got a lot of whippings. They beat me with belts, shoes, whatever. My uncle once beat me with a fan belt. I was just happy he didn't use a tire iron."

Davis is engaging, and a favorite with the writers. After the Phillies' Steve Carlton handcuffed the Giants recently, Davis said, "He should be playing in the Heavenly League, pitching against Babe Ruth and the rest of those dudes. Maybe they could do something with him. I sure as hell couldn't."

Like Ray and McGee, Davis is a switch hitter, and like McGee, he has problems with base running. He has been thrown out nine times in 17 steal attempts. "I can't understand it," Davis says. "I've always had a lot of steals, and I feel I should get 40 or 50. I'm something else when I go on the express [first to third], but I've been getting killed on the local." Next stop, stardom.

BILL LASKEY He was the throw-in when K.C. sent Rich Gale to San Francisco for Jerry Martin. He didn't make the Giants in spring training, but on the day he was sent down the 6′ 5″ Laskey, a righthander, looked Manager Frank Robinson in the eye and said, "I can pitch here, and I'm going to show you."

He has. Laskey got his first start a week after being recalled on April 22 and beat the Expos 7–0 on a three-hitter. His parents, who had flown from Toledo to Phoenix to drive his van to San Francisco, arrived just in time to see him pitch. "My dad was in a state of shock," says Laskey. "When a reporter asked him how many kids there were in the family, he drew a blank and told him to ask my mom."

Laskey was 7–7, after losing that 1–0 duel to Carlton last Friday night, but his ERA of 2.63 was fifth among National League starters. He has little or no muscle definition and a short-arm motion that can't be found in an instructional book. But Laskey is a battler. Robinson, who is grudging with praise, says, "He has heart, mental tenacity and a bulldog-mean attitude. He's a winner." If this kid doesn't win the Rookie of the Year award, it'll be a crime.

ERIC SHOW Of the Padres' 50 wins through Sunday, 41 involved the relievers, four of whom are rookies. The best record of the bunch belonged to Show (rhymes with Wow!), a righthander who was 7–3 with three saves and a 2.02 ERA.

continued

Demier's name means "last" in French, but his 36 steals have helped make Philly first.

SEAGRAM'S GIN AND SCHWEPPES MAKE YOUR GIN & TONIC LETTER PERFECT.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin makes the best drinks possible.
Seagram's Gin and Schweppes tonic, a perfectly refreshing combination.
Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.

MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK
The deep, dark [illegible] rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Rum Legend.

MYERS'S GOLDEN RICH
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

Myers's Rums. The taste is priceless.

[illegible] DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, P.R.

Show is, to put it mildly, a piece of work. While his teammates read *The Sporting News*, Show discusses Kierkegaard, listens to Django Reinhardt, goes to Bible study or plays a jazz guitar. His heroes include Werner Heisenberg (Most Valuable Physicist, 1932), Albert Einstein and Charlie Parker. A typical Show quote: "Does curiosity breed intelligence or does intelligence breed curiosity?" A reporter might feel guilty asking him what pitch he threw for a strikeout.

He attended California-Riverside in his hometown, concentrating on physics, philosophy and baseball, was drafted in the 18th round in 1978 by the Padres and signed for all of $1,000. Throughout his minor league career, he averaged nearly a strikeout an inning, mostly as a starter. The Padres decided to make him a short reliever last year, and he performed well in a September call-up.

Show throws a sinker and a slider in addition to his 90-plus mph fastball from a strange, twisting motion that ends with a sudden arm jerk. His most impressive performance came on May 2 when he struck out five Phillies in a row.

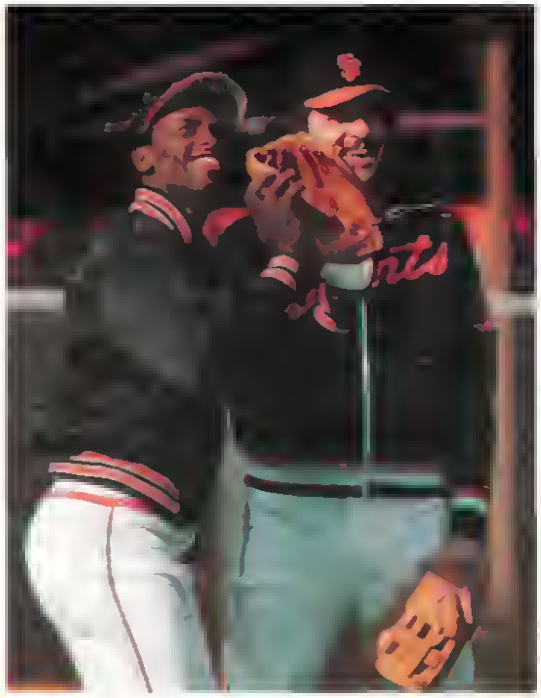
The air-apparent to Bill Lee says, "I've paid my dues, I've researched my beliefs in life. Most people I've met haven't. They just have opinions. If they classify me as a Space Cadet, Zone Master, that's their fault." If he's not Rookie of the Year, it won't be his fault, either.

BOB DERNIER At the end of last week the Phillies were 20–8 in games in which Dernier had stolen a base and 30–31 in games in which he hadn't. When Philadelphia went from 9–14 and fifth place to 19–15 and second place earlier in the season, Dernier was the reason, hitting .350 with 12 stolen bases and 10 walks. He has since cooled off, but through Sunday he still had 36 stolen bases and a .263 average. There's no way this guy isn't the MVR, most valuable rook.

Dernier grew up outside of Kansas City and made the national Babe Ruth all-tournament team at shortstop. "I was one of the most grotesque shortstops ever put on the face of the earth," he says, and obviously some people agreed, because he was a free agent when the Phillies signed him while he was considering Wichita State. They finally found a position for him, centerfield, and he became so good at it that Philadelphia traded Lonnie Smith in the off-season.

He, too, has blazing speed. But, unlike McGee and Davis, Dernier is Caucasian. "I don't know who nicknamed the kid 'White Lightning,' " says Pete Rose, "but it's true. I don't know how fast the kid can run. But he can run. And I've played with some speedsters."

Chili (left) has been red hot in the Giant outfield, and Laskey has bowled over hitters.



Dernier has been caught stealing nine times and caught golfing once. On June 22 in St. Louis, Dernier went to play golf with his father and teammate Manny Trillo and made the mistake of getting a hole in one. The club called the local papers, which printed a story that Phillie Manager Pat Corrales read with some interest. He has a rule against golf on game days, and Dernier was reprimanded. Pitcher Sparky Lyle carried a golf flag out to centerfield during batting practice the next day. The kid's an ace.

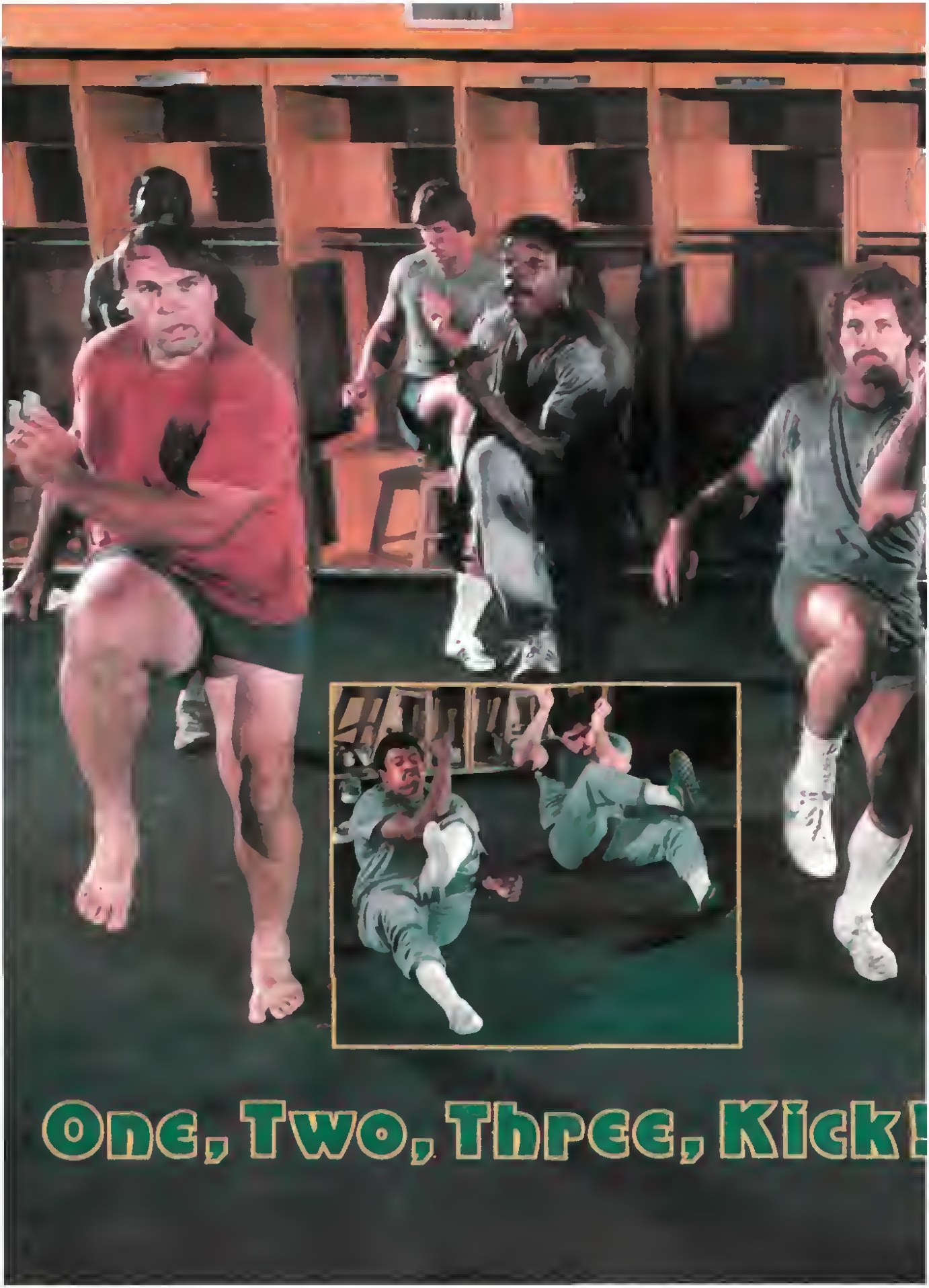
STEVE SAX The next Pete Rose. Not only does he run to first base on walks, but he also feels no game is complete without a dirty uniform. Rose is Sax's idol, and when they had a Chinese dinner together in Philadelphia, Sax says he didn't know if he was ordering from Column A or Column B. "I told him, 'You don't know how much of a thrill this is to go out with you.' I've always admired him so much, and here I was having dinner with him." After imparting some wisdom, Rose, a former Rookie of the Year himself, told Sax that he wouldn't hesitate to knock Sax on his butt.

Sax grew up in Sacramento. Dusty Baker, the Dodger outfielder, also lived there, and he would go back to appear at banquets. "There was a kid who was at everything I was at," says Baker. "He would always say, 'Mr. Baker, Mr. Baker, I've got to ask you something. He would ask it, and then he'd be back five minutes later and say, 'There's something I forgot to ask you.' " Now Sax and Baker dress next to each other.

In the off-season the Dodgers let Davey Lopes go and traded their other second-base prospect, Jack Perconte, confident that Sax was their second baseman of the future. Sax, the first new Dodger infielder since 1973, had rewarded them with 33 stolen bases and a .277 average through Sunday. "Certain players make me tingle when I see them," says Dodger Vice-President Al Campanis. "Koufax, Clemente and Willie Davis made me tingle. And so did Sax." No wonder Sax should be the Dodgers' fourth Rookie of the Year in a row.

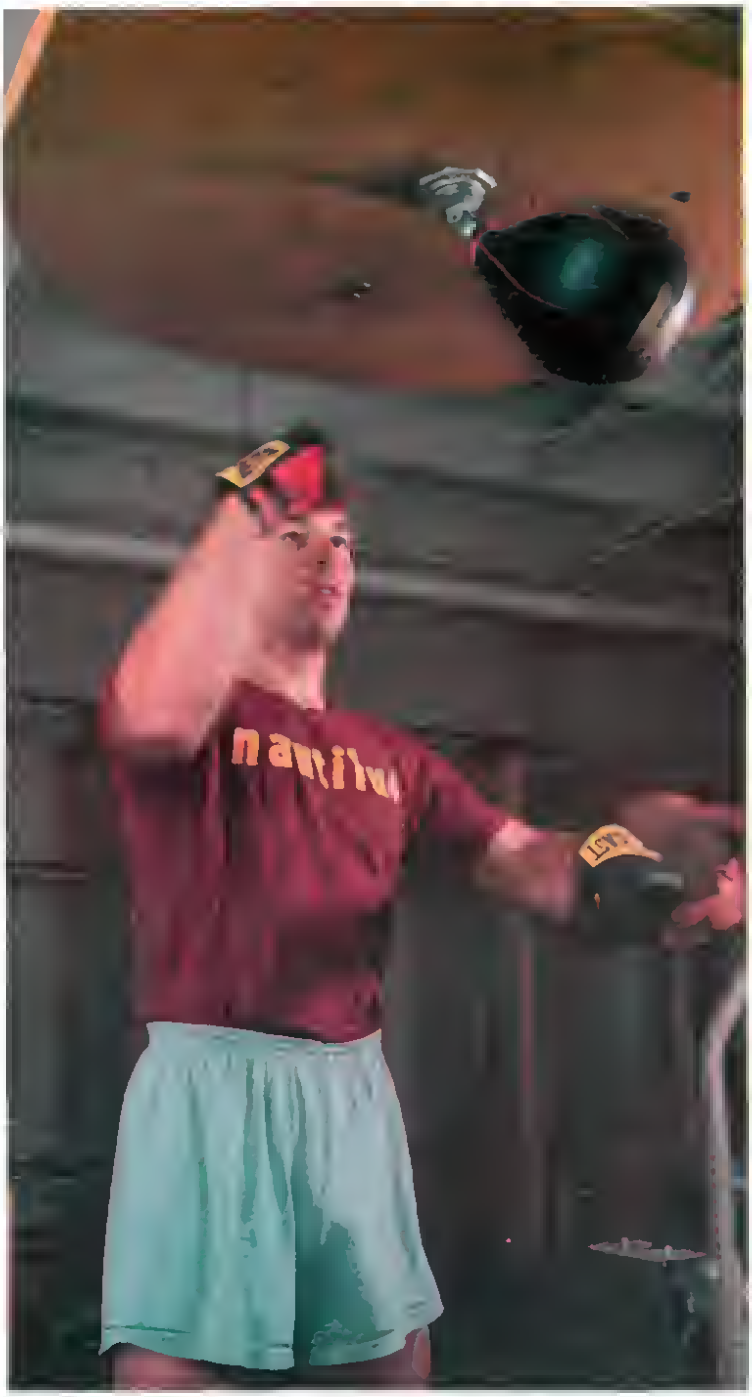
There are other strong rookies this season, but these guys are the best. Says Ray, "People are always coming up to me and saying, 'You sure don't play like a rookie.' My only question is 'What's a rookie supposed to play like?' " They've rarely played like this before. END

Reliever Show has been a wow and a *huh?*


One, Two, Three, Kick!

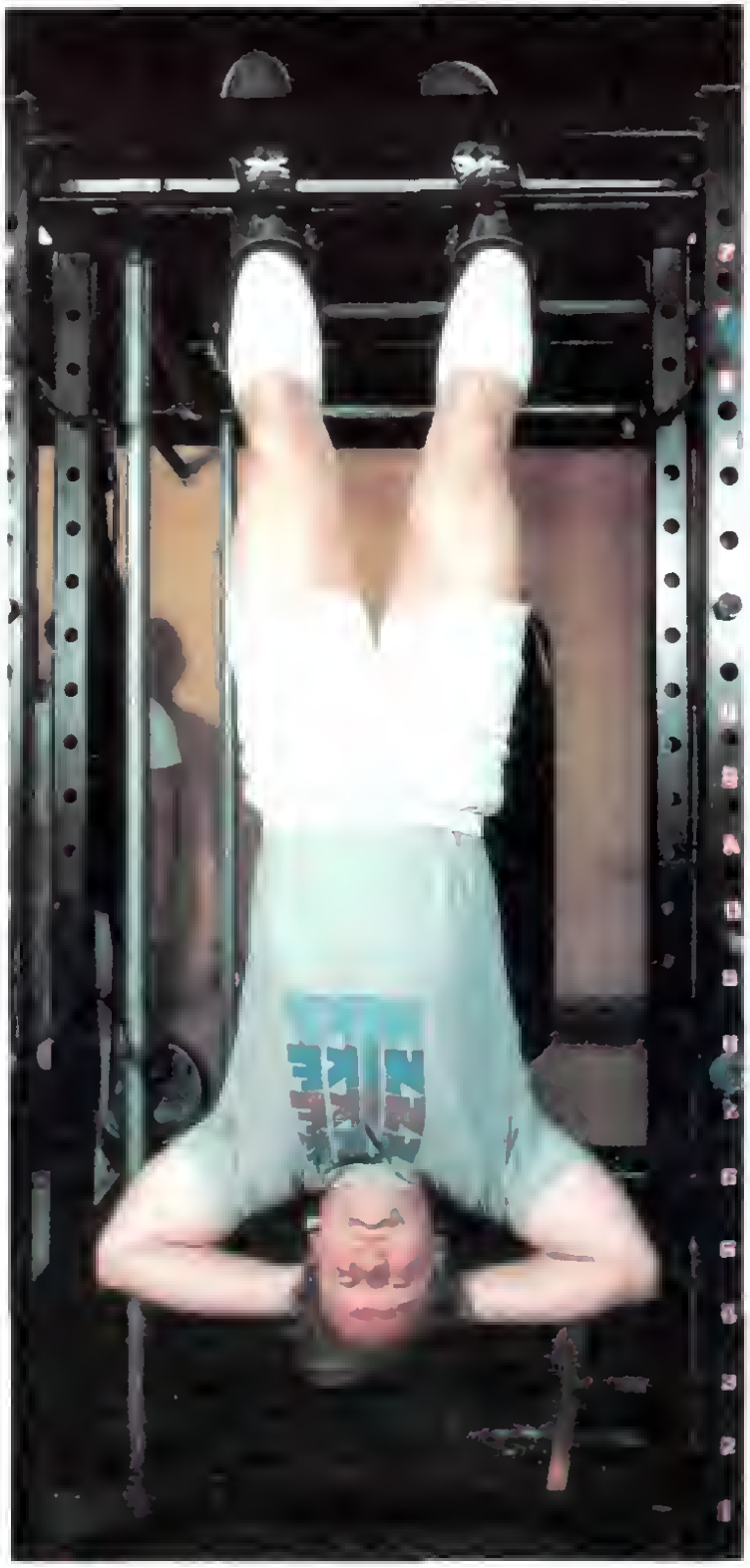
No, this is not a page from "Jane Fonda's Workout Book." This is a troupe of Los Angeles Rams trying to stay in shape in the off-season. As the photos on these and the following pages show, NFL players devise intriguing and diverse ways to break the tedium of conditioning. Here, dance teacher Nancy Gregory leads a class in aerobics.

CONTINUED



Seattle Quarterback Jim Zorn keeps his hand in throwing punches, not passes.

St. Louis Tackle Dan Dierdorf rides his bike to keep his bad wheels in shape.



Upside-down sit-ups help Steeler Mike Webster hang tough in the season.

Steve Nelson and some of his Patriot buddies stay sharp by wielding an ax.

Detroit Guard Russ Bolinger works on skateboard stunts with his dog, Cody.

Packers Eddie Lee Ivery (left) and Mike Jolly run using Aerobic Exercisers in hope of increasing their lung capacities.

Bob Horn of the 49ers finds it's no drag to stay trim if he just keeps truckin'.

Ford Unleashes

The Series 10.
Engineered to help increase
food production in more
than 100 countries
around the world.

The World Tractor.

The sun never sets on Ford tractors. Somewhere, right now, there's a Ford tractor working the land. Ford is second in the world in tractor sales, and we've been building tractors for over 65 years.

Our newest mid-range tractors, the Series 10, provide more power at greater efficiency than the models they replaced.

We spent nearly 100 million dollars and five years in their development. And we tested them for 15 thousand hours on working farms in the United States and the United Kingdom.

And now they're ready to tackle the problems of food production all over the world.

So remember us the next time you break a little bread.

There's A Ford In America's Future.

Ford

lead in the NASL's Southern Division race to 34 points. At week's end the Strikers were still 23 points ahead of second-place Tulsa. That margin was in no small part a consequence of van Beveren's extraordinary play.

There are a number of ways to take the measure of a goalkeeper, but listing his statistics isn't one of them. Last season, the dominant players in the American game. Many of the NASL's top forwards have learned—as Krupa did—that when the Flying Dutchman is in goal, they can no longer shoot into any old port in a storm.

When van Beveren's goals-against average dropped him to ninth in the league rankings last month, the stat watchers be-

The Flying Dutchman

Jan van Beveren got in Dutch in his native Holland, so he emigrated to Fort Lauderdale, becoming the NASL's top goalie **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

For a moment in the artificial half-light of Fort Lauderdale's Lockhart Stadium it is quiet. The evening air is heavy. An approaching storm, presaged by jagged streaks of lightning on the horizon, brings not sound but only the promise of it. Then there's a fat, dull *thunk!* as a soccer ball meets the instep of Tulsa Midfielder Adam Krupa's left foot. The ball rockets toward its target. An instant more and it will be home, hissing into the twine at the back of the goal.

A few yards away in the goalmouth, a figure flickers toward the ball, as fast as a snake's tongue. Krupa's ball is nearly into the goal when Jan van Beveren begins his leap to the right to cut it off. He hangs for a moment, his body parallel to the ground, and at the last instant his outstretched fingertips deflect the shot to the outside of the goalpost. Afterward he would recall the shot as a sort of "white bullet" and the sensation of trying to catch it in his hand.

Van Beveren will make a total of six saves the night of July 4 against the Tulsa Roughnecks, some of them equally stirring but none more important than this one, coming as it does with the score tied 2–2 and less than 10 minutes left in regulation time. The Fort Lauderdale Strikers, the team for which van Beveren toils in goal, finally will win 3–2 in the first overtime period, thereby extending their

for instance, van Beveren finished with the NASL's second-best goals-against average (1.29), led the league in shutouts with nine, and finished second in saves with 195. He never denied that he'd had a good year, but he did repeatedly insist that his goals-against average wasn't a true indication of how well he had played. "When they go only by averages, it makes me sad," van Beveren said. "But what can you do about it? I tell people in this country that averages have nothing to do with how well a goalie is playing, and they look at me like I'm crazy."

While a goalkeeper's stats certainly aren't definitive proof of his skill, the numbers, taken together, can be revealing. That van Beveren's goals-against average, including a dreadful 7–1 loss last Saturday, had risen to 2.19, for instance, and that he led the NASL in saves, with 146, indicate, among other things, that he has been kept busier this season by the Strikers' inexperienced back line. Despite Fort Lauderdale's often porous defense, he has had three shutouts and is 11–4 in games decided by a single goal. Rather than citing statistics, however, it would be simpler in van Beveren's case to say that he has attained a level of the game at which his grasp has somehow exceeded his reach, instead of the other way around. After years as the top goalie in Holland, van Beveren is now one of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN

gan to mumble that perhaps at 34 he was slipping, that his reflexes were no longer what they once had been. "It amuses me to hear soccer aficionados around the league talk about van Beveren in the same breath as other goalies," says Ray Hudson, Fort Lauderdale's veteran English midfielder. "He's on a totally different planet. Forget about the statistics. The real sages around this league know that van Beveren is as far removed from the rest as Pele was when he played in the NASL. The man's phenomenal."

"You can't even compare him with the other keepers in this league," says Midfielder Vladislav Bogicevic of the Cosmos. "He's head and shoulders above everybody else."

The Cosmos got a rude reminder of just how far above when van Beveren shut off a Cosmos rally the first time the two teams met this season to preserve a 2–1 Fort Lauderdale victory. In that game the Cosmos' Giorgio Chinaglia, the most prolific goal scorer in NASL history, drilled a shot toward the Strikers' net from nearly point-blank range, only to have van Beveren kick the ball away at the last instant. For a split second, Chinaglia couldn't believe what he had seen. Then he took van Beveren's hand in his and shook it. "Great play," Giorgio said, and turned and trotted away.

"Van Beveren is a defense within himself," said Cosmos Coach Julio Mazzei later. "He proved again he's the best goalkeeper in our league."

By the sheer force of his presence, van Beveren is often able to change the shape and texture of a game. "When you have the best goalie in the league it gives you a great psychological advantage before the

continued

game even starts," says Fort Lauderdale Assistant Coach Bill Nuttall, himself a former NASL goalkeeper. "The players on the other team are already thinking that they have to hit a perfect shot to score because they know that Jan is going to routine any shot that's just good. You have to remember that the players may run up and down that field five or six times without even getting off a shot. So when they finally do take a good one and he makes a great save, it's bound to get them talking to themselves."

For someone who commands such respect, van Beveren isn't a particularly imposing physical specimen. In repose, he's almost brittle-looking, with prominent cheekbones highlighting his serene face. When he's in goal, however, van Beveren undergoes a startling transformation. His face becomes twisted with concentration, and his sharp, aquiline nose seems to become a gunsight. There's a regal quality in the way he strides across the goalmouth, shouting instructions to his defensemen. Van Beveren is 6′ 2″ and 170 pounds, with a hard, lean body. But there are times when it seems there simply isn't *enough* of him to stop the booming rockets that are launched at him.

The goalmouth is 24′ x 8′, a 192-square-foot expanse, of which van Beveren can never hope to fill much more than 3% at a given moment. "If you're playing in the field and are having a bad game," he says, "it's possible to hide and leave the work up to the other 10 players. But if you're the goalie and you make a mistake, it's on the scoreboard immediately. Then you are alone."

Goalkeepers are nearly always alone. In a game played almost entirely with the feet, theirs is the one position in which the hands are paramount. Field players are in constant motion for 90 minutes, moving from one end of the field to the other, but the goalie almost never leaves his cage. Perhaps the biggest contradiction inherent in his task is that he must secretly hope that his defense will fail him enough to create a confrontation, because it's his ability to make the impossible stop that defines the goalkeeper's art. Unless the other team has at least a few worthwhile opportunities, all of the goalie's skills are for nothing. "A keeper is like an insurance policy," says Nuttall. "You hope you never have to use it, but when the time comes, you want to have the best one there is."

Van Beveren was regarded as one of the top goaltenders in the world—indeed, he had been named the 1980 Dutch Player of the Year—when he decided to leave Holland two years ago. His abrupt departure for the U.S. was the result of a long-simmering and publicly acrimonious feud with Dutch superstar Johan Cruyff. Cruyff, a striker, let it be known that if van Beveren played for Holland's National Team, he wouldn't, and in the end it was van Beveren who bailed out. "Not the coach, but Cruyff makes the decisions here, and that is not the way I like to operate," van Beveren said.

Van Beveren samples another national pastime.

In 1980, after an aborted attempt to join a team in the South of France and a brief dalliance with the Cosmos, van Beveren was still looking around for a place to play. It was then that he got a call from his friend Cor van der Hart, at the time the Fort Lauderdale coach. The Strikers brought van Beveren and his wife, Petra, to Florida, gave them tickets for one of the team's games and then didn't call again for six days while van Beveren stewed in a hotel room. On the sixth day he phoned the Strikers' office and announced he was leaving on the next plane for Holland, a move that nudged the Fort Lauderdale ownership into contract discussions.

The principal owner of the Strikers is Elizabeth Robbie, whose husband, Joe, is best known as the owner of the Miami Dolphins of the NFL, and it was with him that van Beveren talked. It soon became apparent to van Beveren that the only things Robbie knew about soccer players were that they looked funny in helmets and shoulder pads but made good field-goal kickers. At one point early in their discussions, van Beveren said to Robbie, "With all due respect, how can you negotiate a contract with me? You don't know who I am."

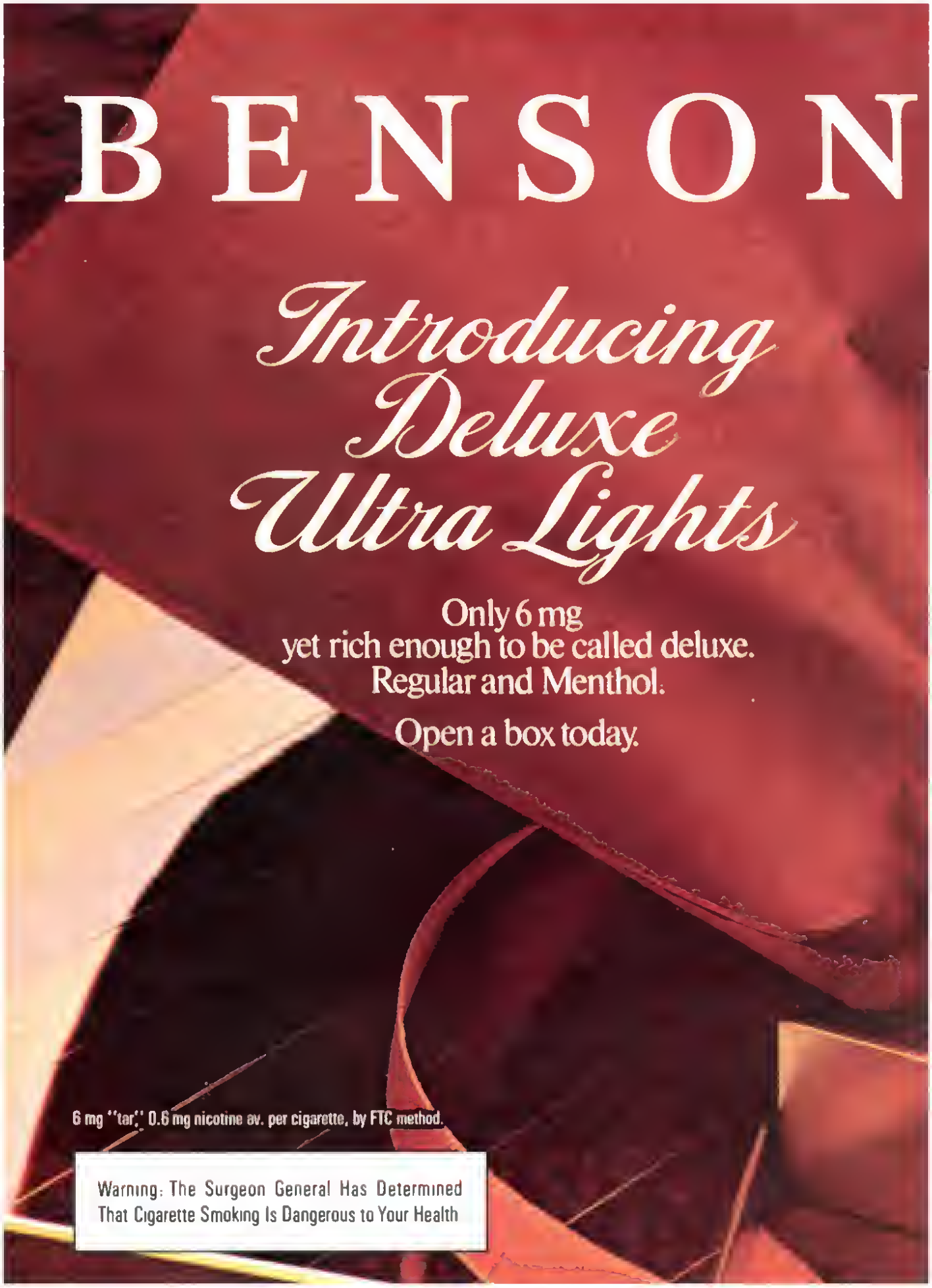
The bargaining went on like that for six weeks. Van Beveren remembers standing on the terrace of Robbie's luxurious Miami apartment, wondering why the city had so many fires and musing that perhaps he'd arrived at the threshold of Hell. It wasn't until later that he learned that Miami was in the throes of the most convulsive racial rioting in the city's history, and that the American dream had its nightmarish aspects.

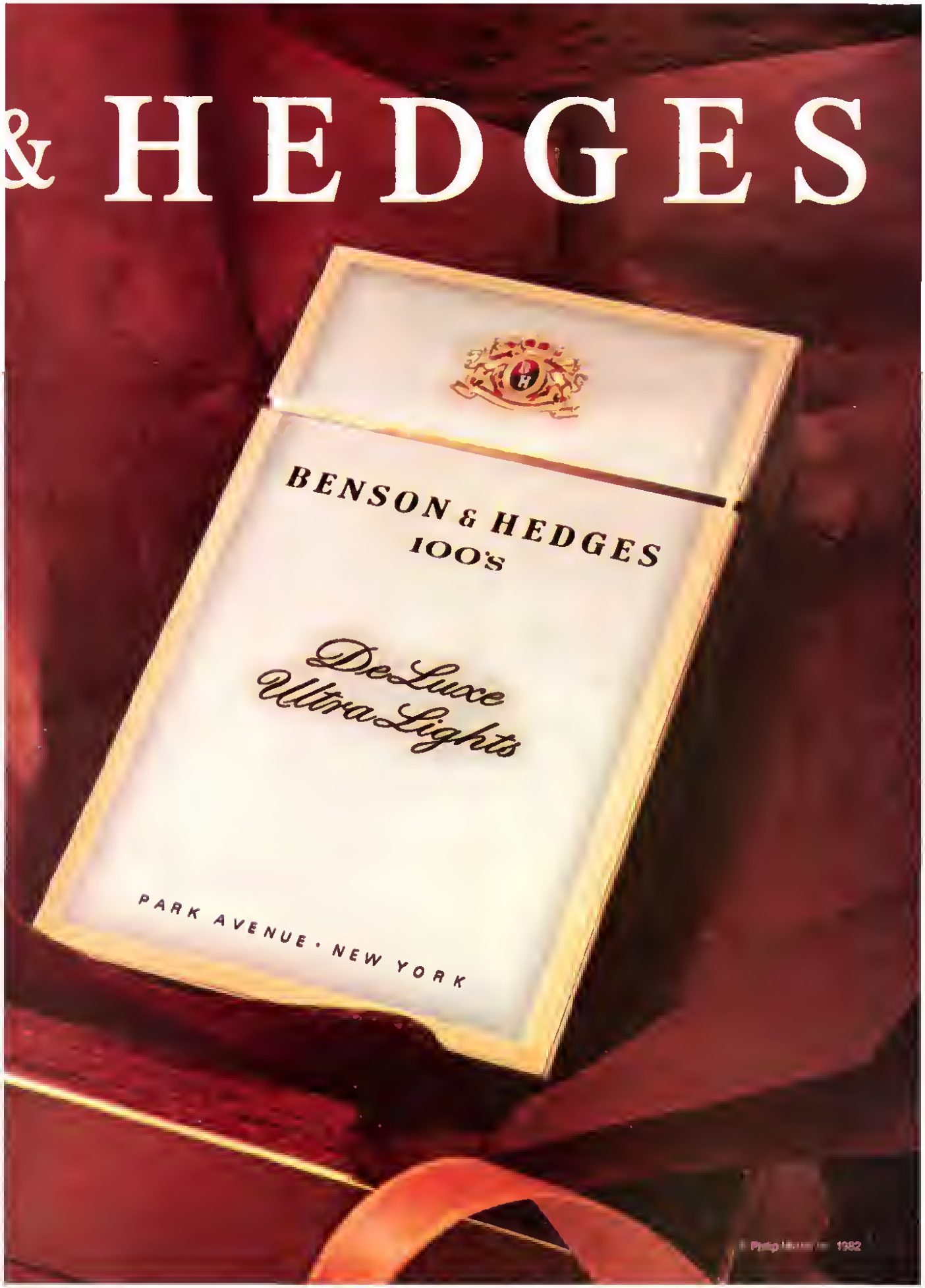
Van Beveren must have felt as if he were in the middle of another netherworld when he walked out onto the field of Lockhart Stadium for the first time in June of 1980. Van der Hart had lured him to Florida with tales of the Strikers' desperate need for a goalie. Van der Hart had conveniently neglected to mention that Fort Lauderdale already had a goalie, an American named Arnie Mausser, who was extremely popular with the local fans because he had the second-best goals-against average in the NASL. Van der Hart had virtually forced the Strikers to sign van Beveren by telling the press, "Give me van Beveren and we will go to the Soccer Bowl." Mausser's fans reacted skeptically and vociferously. "When I went on the field, the first thing I heard was, 'Boo, go home, we don't want you,' " van Beveren says. But that night he shut out the San Jose Earthquakes 4–0, and his popularity in Fort Lauderdale has been on the upswing ever since. Last season he was voted the most popular player on the team in a local newspaper poll.

Mausser was eventually traded to the

continued

OPEN A BOX OF DELUXE.


BENSON
Introducing
Deluxe
Ultra Lights
Only 6 mg
yet rich enough to be called deluxe.
Regular and Menthol.
Open a box today.
6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health


& HEDGES
BENSON & HEDGES
100's
DeLuxe
Ultra Lights
PARK AVENUE · NEW YORK
1982

THIS BUD'S FOR YOU.
12 FL. OZ. (355 mL)
Budweiser.
KING OF BEERS
Brewed by our original process from the
Choicest Hops, Rice and Best Barley Malt
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS, MO. NEWARK, LOS ANGELES, TAMPA, HOUSTON, COLUMBUS, OH.
JACKSONVILLE, FL. MERRIMACK, NH. WILLIAMSBURG, FAIRFIELD, CA.
Budweiser
PROUD SPONSOR OF
THE 1984 OLYMPIC TEAM.

New England (now Jacksonville) Tea Men, but he's still unhappy about the way he was treated by the Strikers and feels that what happened to him in Fort Lauderdale is symptomatic of a larger problem in the NASL. "They just brought this goalkeeper over from Holland and stuck him in the nets after I had played well," Mausser says. "I definitely feel the NASL is sometimes too eager to sign foreigners to play a position that an American already is doing well at. It's an attitude that works at the expense of the development of American players, and I don't think it helps fan recognition. People just don't relate to the foreign players as readily."

But there's a difference between a highly competent goaltender like Mausser and a truly superb one like van Beveren as the confrontations between the Strikers and Tea Men last season illustrated. Each game went into overtime—when the goalie's role becomes even more vital—and then into shootouts, the NASL's brand of sudden death. Fort Lauderdale won three of the shootouts, in which the goalie takes on five opposing shooters one-on-one. "No question about it," said Jacksonville Captain Ringo Cantillo. "Van Beveren is the best goalkeeper in the league." Fort Lauderdale Midfielder Thomas Rongen gives even higher praise. "He keeps us in games by stopping impossible balls," Rongen says. "Without him we would be at the bottom of the league right now."

Van Beveren tried not to take credit when the Strikers' defense got them into the semifinals of the playoffs last year, and this season, when the team went to an all-out offensive style and left itself vulnerable on defense, he didn't complain. "Last year was nice for me," he says, "as if a script was written. I made some nice saves and we won a few shootouts, so people were happy with me. This year I play the same, but because my goals-against average is higher everybody says, 'Oh, bad.' " Fort Lauderdale's first-year coach, Eckhard Krautzun, knew that the Strikers' new style of play would yield more goals, but he also knew that with van Beveren in the nets the damage would be kept to a minimum.

"I think his pride is sometimes hurt," Krautzun says, "but Jan plays for the team and he isn't bothered by the American way of measuring a goalie. Because we play so risky, it puts a lot of pressure on him, but he understands that American fans would rather see us win 5–4 than 1–0. He understands the American way of life." And van Beveren also understands one other thing. "An average team with a good goalie can be one of the top teams in the league," he says, "but a good team with a bad goalie will always do poorly."

Van Beveren has always been a good goalie, even from the time he began playing soccer with his 5-year-old brother, Wil, at the age of three. Both Jan and Wil were exceptional athletes, and they always received plenty of encouragement at home. One of the boys' grandfathers, Jan, for whom the younger Jan is named, was a Dutch cowboy with the Amsterdam circus—presumably he wore six-shooters and wooden boots—and the boys' father, Wynand, represented Holland in the sprints at the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, competing alongside Jesse Owens in the 200.

When Jan was 17 he took a train to Rotterdam to join his brother, who was playing there for Sparta in Holland's First Division. During Jan's first year with the club he practiced three times a day, taking thousands of balls in the nets, and his hard work paid off. At the age of 19 van Beveren became the youngest goalie ever on the National Team.

Later, when van Beveren was playing for PSV Eindhoven in 1970, he was elbowed in the face while diving for a ball. One of his front teeth was knocked out and he nearly bit off his tongue. It's a mark of his competitiveness and courage that he played the final 20 minutes of the first half with cotton wadded in his mouth to staunch the flow of blood and then had his tongue sewed back together at halftime so he could finish the game. "If I do something, I want to win," he says. "Even when I play games with my own kids I must win all the time. I know that's bad, but I can't help it. Sometimes I read about marathoners who have lost the race but are so determined to finish that they are still running after the lights in the stadium have been turned off. I can't understand that, because to win is a very big thing for me."

The puzzle in this picture: Why is Jan letting sons Roger, 9, and Ray, 10, box him in?

To stand still for more than a minute at a time is also a very big thing for van Beveren. He is a relentless nail-biter and unfiltered-cigarette smoker, drinks enormous quantities of coffee loaded with sugar and burns up so much nervous energy in the course of a day that even in the off-season his weight never rises. "When a team is traveling," van Beveren says, "you can always pick out the goalie because he's more nervous than the rest,

continued

a little more crazy." Once, during a delay at the Jacksonville airport, van Beveren crawled around on the floor chasing babies and then stood at a gate greeting arriving passengers by shaking each one's hand and saying, in what he believed to be a Midwestern accent, "Welcome to Chicago. There's nothing to do here." Sometimes he just stands in the middle of an airport concourse and pitches quarters high into the air, catching them on his broad forehead.

Van Beveren won't cluck at the Chicken.

It is therefore not surprising that the most difficult of van Beveren's jobs isn't making the spectacular saves that are his stock in trade, but waiting for the opportunity to make them. "There's a lot of pressure," says Nuttall. "You stand there for 90 minutes and worry about the one ball you may not get." In 17 professional seasons, van Beveren hasn't gotten used to the lonely vigil. "We are in a position where we have to wait for what's coming at us," he says. "Sometimes I want to win and still I can't have any influence on the game. I have to wait until *they* do something. I want to run and work, but always I have to wait."

Between games, van Beveren shuts himself off almost completely from soccer, indulging his passion for collecting while trying to keep his head and his hands busy. When he was in Holland, he began his collecting with purchases of antique furniture, Oriental rugs and grandfather clocks, of which he still has nearly a dozen. As his collections grew more valuable, his life became more precarious. His home was burglarized twice in Holland, the second time by men wearing ski masks and toting machine guns. They rammed a stolen car through a wall to avoid setting off the alarm system wired to the windows and doors. "It was like *Starsky and Hutch*," he says. "In Holland our home had alarms and iron shutters that we closed at night to keep out the criminals. Finally I said, 'Enough.' It was like living in a bunker. You become a prisoner of your possessions." When van Beveren's first house in Fort Lauderdale was burglarized, too, he decided to move Petra and their sons, Raymond and Roger, into a more secure apartment building overlooking the ocean.

Van Beveren also enjoys doing jigsaw puzzles, particularly the extraordinarily difficult ones of as many as 5,000 pieces. Sometimes he will spend six or seven hours in a row in his living room, sitting beneath a print of Rembrandt's *Night Watch*, fitting the puzzles together. "The first time I did one," he says, "I didn't know where to start. So I spread the pieces out and just looked at it for a week. Once I start, I have to finish the puzzle even if I die at the table. The wonderful thing is that you feel you're creating something." When van Beveren completes a puzzle, he looks at it for a moment and then tears it apart.

Van Beveren also collects stamps, noodles on the piano and has taught himself to play the saxophone. Now he wants to run in a marathon, just to see if he can do it. "I'm a guy who wants to find out all the things in life by myself, without the influence of other people," he says.

As with any expatriate soccer player, van Beveren went through adjustments to the NASL game and the American life-style. "Valet parking!" he says incredulously. "We have never heard of such a thing in Holland. The people are very spoiled in this country. That's probably why I like it here so much."

Van Beveren and his family have become addicted to American sports, watching games on TV for hours. But he still hasn't figured out how it is possible for a team like the Oakland Raiders to desert one city for another. "In Holland," he says, "for a team from Amsterdam to move to Rotterdam, that's a civil war. That could never happen."

There have been other adjustments in his thinking, as well. "I love it here because I left my country with a positive attitude," van Beveren says. "The players from Europe who hate the cheerleaders, and the parking-lot barbecues, and the exploding scoreboards, and the Chicken—they will never make it here. What happens on the field with the Chicken and things—I don't see it anymore. Still, I would like to see the Chicken run onto the field in Holland and see if he survives."

Van Beveren has serious doubts about the progress of the game in the U.S. "I'm not sure soccer will make it here," he says. "Two years ago we played the Cosmos in Giants Stadium and there were 70,000 people. Last year we played there and drew only 40,000. When you ask what happened to the other 30,000 people, nobody can tell you. That's very strange."

Van Beveren retains his enthusiasm for the American game, however. "In the U.S. when you come up with an unexpected save—create something that has never been done before—the people go crazy," he says. "That's the thing I like, to be able to decide a game at those crucial moments. To make an impossible save—that's the moment you live for as a goalie. Then it doesn't matter how many people see the play, because you know that it's good." END

© 1982 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA

Loads of fun.

As you can see you can have a lot of fun in your Volkswagen Pickup.

Or if you unload the fun?

You can have 1,000 pounds of almost anything in your Volkswagen Pickup.

Because we built it with a sturdy unitized body surrounding a tough double-walled bed.

But with all that heft can it still be fun to drive?

Yes

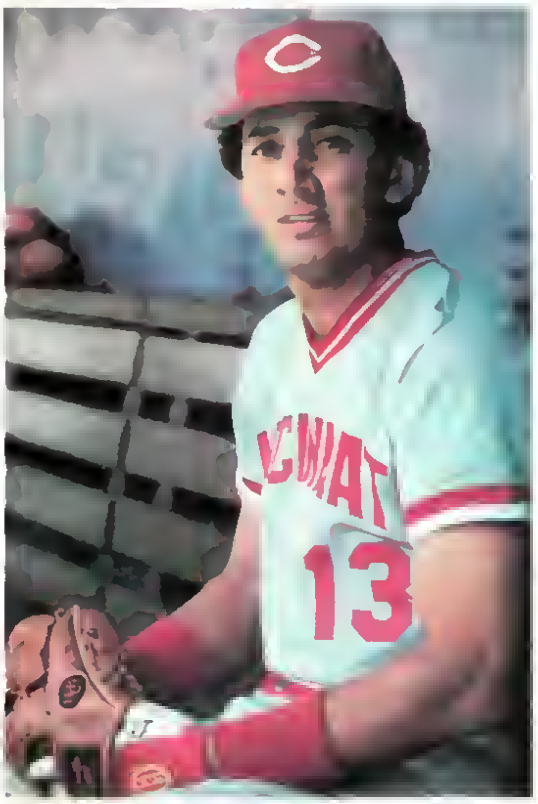
You see we also built it with front-wheel drive, independent MacPherson front struts, and a dual diagonal braking system.

Not to mention VW's fuel-injected overhead cam engine that can take this pickup from 0 to 50 in just 8.8 seconds.

Which means on top of everything else it gives you something you usually don't get in a pickup.

Pickup.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.



An All-Star comes to light

The Reds may be dead, but Shortstop Dave Concepcion is alive and clicking

by Ivan Maisel

Three hours before last week's All-Star Game, Cincinnati Shortstop Dave Concepcion sat in front of his locker at Montreal's Olympic Stadium, chatting with his friend and fellow Venezuelan, Philadelphia's Manny Trillo, who would start alongside him at second base. As has almost invariably been the case during Concepcion's 13-year career with the Reds, his teammates attracted the microphones and notepads. Phillie First Baseman Pete Rose entertained the media in one corner, while Atlanta Pitcher Phil Niekro and Los Angeles Second Baseman Steve Sax were holding forth in others, discoursing on their status as the oldest and least experienced members, respectively, of the National League team. It wasn't the first time Concepcion, 34, had been overlooked, but on this night, at least, it would be the last.

With two out in the second inning, Dale Murphy on first base and the American League ahead 1–0, Concepcion knocked a hanging Dennis Eckersley slider over the leftfield fence. That single swing: 1) sent the National League on its way to a 4–1 win, its 11th consecutive All-Star victory and 19th in the last 20 games; 2) won for Concepcion the game's MVP award; and 3) brought new attention to white shoes, which have experienced a downturn since the heydays of Joe Namath and Billy Johnson.

As Cincy's natty dresser, Concepcion was also delighted with the white cleats he wore in Montreal, because the conservative Reds make their players wear black shoes. Before the game he had looked up at Cincinnati President Dick Wagner and Vice-Chairman Bob Howsam in the stands, pointed to his shoes and made a "Thumbs up or thumbs down?" gesture. Despite the home run, Concepcion was wearing regulation blacks when the regular season resumed on Thursday.

Although Concepcion's only other home run this year came off a pitcher now in the minors, he wasn't surprised by his All-Star blast. He even expected it, explaining later, "Before I went to bat I told Manny, 'I got a feeling I'm going to hit one out of the ball park.' He kidded me, but I said, 'I'm gonna do it.' " And it didn't hurt that Concepcion's lucky number was running wild that night: Number 13 in your program, in his 13th season, hit the ball out on July 13.

But Concepcion isn't just lucky. "David and Mike Schmidt are the two best players in the league," says Reds Manager John McNamara. "It's not until you have the opportunity to see him every day that you see how great and complete a player David is."

Some people who *don't* see David every day—who don't know he has been named to nine All-Star teams and won five Gold Gloves—may be inclined to think of him as a leftover from the '70s Team of the Decade. His lack of recognition has been compounded by his position—quick, name a Hall of Fame shortstop—and his Latin origin, which means *no mucha publicidad*. "I always felt I was good when the others were here," says Concepcion, referring to Foster, Rose, Morgan, Perez, Griffey, *et al.*, who commanded most of the attention. "In 1974 I had 82 RBIs and 14 homers and nobody ever knew. That has to be a record for hitting eighth." Says Johnny Bench, himself a leftover, "The other people move away, and all of a sudden you notice the antique work of art in the corner."

The Reds paid dearly for their *objet d'art* after last season, guaranteeing Concepcion a reported $4.5 million over five years, something they refused to do for Pete Rose or George Foster. One reason they signed him is the absence of a successor down on the farm. Another may be that last season was Concepcion's best ever at bat. Just as the strike robbed the Reds of the National League West title, it robbed their shortstop of some sterling numbers. After slumping to .260 in 1980, Concepcion had elbow surgery in the offseason and set a goal of 100 runs and 100 RBIs for '81. He had to settle for 57 and 67, respectively, which, projected over a full, uninterrupted season would have been 87 and 102. He also hit .306, his best average in the majors, and led the league in game-winning RBIs with 14.

"The reason he's so dangerous is that he's run-productive," says Houston Manager Bill Virdon. "He's a tough out with men on base." A tough out anytime, really. At week's end he was batting .292 and leading the race for a second straight Silver Slugger award, which goes to the top hitter in the league at each position.

This, of course, is the new Dave Concepcion. The old one, the one on every pitcher's Christmas-card list, batted .260 as a rookie in 1970 and plummeted to .205 and .209 the next two seasons. "I never dreamed he would hit the way he does now," says Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson, who was a rookie skipper with

continued

COLLECTING A CLAIM SHOULD NOT BE LIKE TRYING TO NAIL PUDDING TO THE WALL.

Insurance companies aren't exactly famous for being generous or speedy.

So it's remarkable that when Ætna customers are polled about their medical claims, for example, 90% consistently tell us their settlements have been both prompt and fair.

Behind our rave reviews? Everything from the biggest computerized claims processing network – over 150,000 health care payments alone every day – to on-the-spot auto claims settlement.

Call your nearest Ætna agent in the Yellow Pages. And join owners of wrecked cars, charred homes, and broken arms everywhere who say, "Ætna, I'm glad I met ya!"

Ætna

The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company;
Ætna Life Insurance Company, 151 Farmington Ave., Hartford, CT 06156

the Reds in Concepcion's first year. "I didn't see it coming, but Klu [former Cincinnati Batting Coach Ted Kluszewski] did. He thought David would excel as a hitter. Me? I thought he'd be a .260 hitter." Kluszewski saw a quick bat with no oomph—but as Concepcion put on weight (from 155 pounds as a rookie to 180 today), so did his average. Good thing, too, because those washout years of 1971 and '72 nearly drove him—and those around him—crazy.

"When he came to the big leagues, he thought he had to get a hit every time he came up," says Tony Perez, the Boston DH who roomed with Concepcion for seven years and was, Bench says, a "mother hen." "If he didn't hit, he'd throw helmets, bats, and get into arguments with his teammates. But the worst thing he did was to go out on the field mad at himself because he didn't hit. He wasn't able to do the job at shortstop. I'd watch him standing at his position, moaning to himself about not hitting and forgetting what he was supposed to be doing." Concepcion says of Perez, "He really helped me a lot. Tony told me to come into the clubhouse, put on my clothes and not think about what happened. That was always hard for me to understand, but I finally did."

As his feathers became unruffled, so did his fielding. Concepcion committed 22 errors in only 101 games as a rookie, but won Gold Gloves in 1974, '75, '76, '77 and '79. He concedes he has lost a step to young stars Ozzie Smith of St. Louis and Garry Templeton of San Diego, but his teammates think he more than makes up for it with his knowledge of opposing hitters and his guile (he invented the one-hop artificial turf throw to first).

Concepcion was well prepared for a big-salaried baseball career. Though he dropped out of school after the ninth grade, he worked for a while as a bank teller in his hometown of Aragua. While playing amateur ball, he attracted the attention of scouts and signed with the Reds at age 19.

Concepcion and his family—wife Dilia and sons David Alejandro, 7, and David Eduardo, 6 months—shuttle between their homes in Maracay and Montgomery, a suburb of Cincinnati, depending upon the time of year. But that will change soon. "My oldest boy obligated me to get his education in the States," says Concepcion. "He has a lot of friends around the neighborhood. He's having a good time here." Next month the Concepcions will move into a new home, right off the 12th fairway of the golf course in Blue Ash, near Cincinnati. Dave enjoys golf, but if he had an RBI for every stroke he takes over 18 holes, the Reds might not be in last place. "Golf's a pretty tough game," he admits. "The ball just sits there. I can't hit it straight. It's tougher than playing baseball."

But baseball hasn't been much fun for Concepcion this season, either. "In my 13 years, we've only been as low as fourth in 1971," he says. "It would be hard for anybody who's played on a winning team." The Reds have certainly been that, with six division titles, four pennants and two World Series championships during Concepcion's tenure, but last Sunday the team that Wagner rebuilt was 22 games under .500.

For one night last week, though, Concepcion was right where he wanted to be—with a winner, in the spotlight, and wearing white shoes.

THE WEEK

(July 12-18)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST Dennis Eckersley of the Red Sox (3–1) attributed his improved pitching to his wife. Rick Miller was able to attribute some of his success to *another player's* wife. "I'm a more settled person since I got married," said Eckersley, who got hitched two years ago. He stopped the Royals 7–3 for his 10th victory. As for Miller, he was a late replacement for Reid Nichols, who sped off to the hospital because his wife was giving birth to their first child. Miller's third hit that day, a three-run triple, broke a 2–2 tie as Boston beat K.C. 8–4. Dwight Evans kept up his hot streak with .375 hitting and six RBIs. Over his last 24 games Evans batted .352 and drove in 27 runs.

In the manner of Joe Page of the Yankees during the late '40s, Jim Slaton of the Brewers (5–0) came out of the bullpen by vaulting over a 10-foot-high fence. Summoned because Pete Vuckovich had been hit on his pitching hand by a liner, Slaton went the final 7⅓ innings to stop Chicago 8–4. Milwaukee rallied for three wins, all of which were wrapped up by Rollie Fingers, who has 21 saves.

It was all part of a week in which the East was 24–5 against the West. Three home runs helped Toronto (4–0) defeat Texas 5–1. And Damaso Garcia's three steals and Joey McLaughlin's last-out relief helped Jim Clancy saddle the Rangers with a 6–0 loss.

Three consecutive three-homer games got Detroit (3–1) untracked in Minnesota. Lance Parrish hit one in each of those contests and batted .467 for the week. Others who padded their numbers were Lou Whitaker (.400) and Larry Herndon (nine RBIs).

Two-run homers were the winning ticket for the Yankees (4–0) against the A's. New York won 2–1 on such a blast in the eighth by Graig Nettles and prevailed 4–1 as Jerry Mumphrey and Bobby Murcer connected.

Six of 11 Indians (2–2) scored after drawing walks against the Angels, enabling the Tribe to overcome a 4–0 deficit and win 10–4.

Manager Earl Weaver of Baltimore (3–1), who hadn't been given the thumb all season, got it for the second and third times in eight days. That raised Weaver's career total to 84 ejections. Ken Singleton's seven ribbies finished off the Mariners 8–4 and 4–3, and gave him 59 in 57 career games against them.

MIL 53–35 BOS 52–37 BALT 47–39 DET 45–42 NY 43–42 CLEV 43–43 TOR 41–47

AL WEST "I'm swinging the way I did during eight years in Boston," said Fred Lynn of California (2–2). Lynn's memory may have been off a bit—he spent only six full years with the Red Sox—but his stats were impressive: a .429 average and eight RBIs last week. That left Lynn with a .337 average and 25 RBIs in the past 25 games. Last season Lynn, who had been a .308 hitter for Boston, batted .219. Dave Goltz continued his comeback with a three-hitter, and Ken Forsch tossed a four-hitter. Both were victors in Cleveland as they benefited from big-inning outbursts: a six-run third helped Goltz coast 8–2; a 10-run fifth enabled Forsch to win 15–0. Thus, the front-running Angels pulled ahead of the Royals by three lengths.

Seven doubles by Kansas City (1–3) couldn't avert a 5–3 loss in Boston, and four Royal homers in Fenway couldn't keep the Red Sox from winning 8–4. In the latter game, Dan Quisenberry endured his worst inning in four years in the majors: He muffed two fielding plays and gave up seven consecutive hits and seven runs in 1⅓ innings.

Chicago (0–5) lost three games in the eighth as the bullpen collapsed. The third of those defeats went to Salome Barojas, who was tagged for three runs as Milwaukee won 5–3. Barojas, who allowed only six earned runs in his first 32⅔ innings this year, has given up 21 in his last 27⅔.

To try to toughen the skin on the middle finger of his pitching hand, Mike Norris of the A's (0–4) soaks the digit in a pickle-juice solution. After five scoreless innings in New York, though, Norris had to leave because the finger had blistered anyway, and Oakland went on to lose 2–1.

Gaylord Perry of Seattle (1–3) was shelled

continued

NEW VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS MENTHOL

YOUR BEST DECISION IN ULTRA LOW TAR.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Not available in states of Michigan, Oklahoma, Colorado

5 mg "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

again—during his last 42⅔ innings, he has been roughed up for 65 hits and 34 earned runs. But Floyd Bannister ended a four-game Mariner skid when he beat the Orioles 6–0 on two hits. Until then, Seattle had been 2–10 against Dennis Martinez and 5–23 in Baltimore since entering the league in 1977.

The Rangers (0–4) began the second half with brave talk of a new season, a new attitude. After three losses to Toronto, however, Manager Don Zimmer said, "I want to cry."

Ten wins in their previous 13 outings had brightened the outlook for the Twins (1–3). But before their first at bat after the All-Star lull that brightness had faded: The Tigers scored 11 times in the top of the first. That day's 18–2 shellacking was followed by a 6–3 setback in which Detroit seored a run after a bases-empty strikeout that should have ended the inning. Alan Trammell fanned on what turned out to be a wild pitch by Frank Viola, and ran to first base. Lou Whitaker, the next batter, then tripled.

CAL 51–39 KC 48–40 CHI 45–42 SEA 46–44
OAK 38–54 TEX 35–50 MINN 29–62

NL EAST

Not since Mark (the Bird) Fidrych has there been a more animated pitcher than newcomer Jeff Lahti of St. Louis (3–1). While on the mound, Lahti applauds his fielders and vigorously thumps the ball in his glove as he prepares to pitch. Recently, after covering first for an out, he started to peg the ball around the infield and his throw to the second baseman almost hit the wall in center. "I try to keep myself pumped up, but I'm not conscious of my actions," Lahti said. "On the mound, I'm a monster. Maybe it's my second being. They say there are two sides to everybody." Lahti earned his first big league victory when he allowed only one hit and one run in 3⅓ innings of relief as he knocked off the Reds 6–4.

Pitchers have been keeping the ball in on Dave Parker of Pittsburgh (1–3), figuring that with his bad right wrist he won't be able to pull. Aware of that, Parker wanted to be sure Houston's Frank LaCorte *would* pitch him inside, so he acted as if his wrist was paining him badly. LaCorte fell for it, and Parker slammed a three-run homer that defeated the Astros 5–1.

Mike Schmidt of Philadelphia (3–1), who has reconciled himself to playing the rest of the season with a sore right hamstring, homered in the eighth and doubled in two runs in the 11th to topple the Giants 5–3. Other gamers against San Francisco were stroked by Gary Matthews, a homer in the eighth, and Garry Maddox, a single that made Steve Carlton a 1–0 winner. For Maddox, it was the seventh time in his last eight chances that he has come through with a runner on third and fewer than two outs. Manny Trillo set a major league mark for second basemen by extending his streak of errorless chances to 427.

Chris Speier spoke up about backstabbing and "a definite lack of unity" among the Expos (4–0). "He was only saying the obvious," Steve Rogers said. Al Oliver took a different tack: "It's not [Manager] Jim Fanning's fault. I almost feel sorry for him. He's too good a person to be a manager." Nevertheless, for the first time in a month, Montreal won more than two games in a row, taking four straight in San Diego.

Four homers by Dave Kingman of the Mets (2–2) put him first in the majors with 25. One of Kingman's home runs helped Charlie Puleo win 5–2 in Los Angeles.

In 1938, Gabby Hartnett's "homer in the gloamin' " won the pennant for the Chicago Cubs (1–3). In 1982, after a long rain delay, Jay Johnstone came to bat at 8:05 p.m. and in the twilight of Wrigley Field singled in the 10th inning to defeat Atlanta 4–3.

PHIL 50–39 ST.L 51–40 MONT 47–42
PITT 45–43 NY 42–49 CHI 37–56

NL WEST

"It doesn't take much to see that we're having some problems," said Dick Wagner, president and chief executive officer of last-place Cincinnati (1–3), in the understatement of the year. Wagner may have contributed to the lackluster play of the Reds by ordering Manager John McNamara to make three lineup changes: Tom Lawless, a speedster who was batting .308 at Indianapolis, was brought up to bat leadoff and play second; Duane Walker, who was hitting .296, was replaced in rightfield by Paul Householder, a .188 batter; and Third Baseman Wayne Krenchicki, merely the team's most productive hitter immediately before the All-Star break, was benched, with Ron Oester moving over from second base. In the first four games of this experiment Lawless went 2 for 18, Householder 5 for 15 and Oester 3 for 16—a combined .204 average.

Two other teams bumbled along. the Giants and Padres. San Franciseo (1–3) lost despite the heroics of 38-year-old Joe Morgan, who played like a youngster serambling for a job. Morgan hit .444 and went 5 for 6 during a 5–3 loss to the Phils. On Sunday, Morgan slammed his eighth home run of the season and San Francisco rallied for a pair of runs in the bottom of the ninth inning to overtake Philadelphia 4–3. The winning uprising was built around a base on balls, a single by Reggie Smith, an error that let in the tying run and then—with two outs—a pinch hit, run-scoring double by Duane Kuiper. The Padres (0–4) added a few pages to the *1001 Ways to Lose Painfully* manual. Ruppert Jones struck out eight times in a row. A 4–3 loss to Montreal was more of a team effort, as San Diego made a base-running blunder, failed to cover first in a bunt situation and stranded 10 men.

No such ineptitude afflicted the Braves (3–1), who built the biggest edge of any divisional leader by moving four games in front of the Padres. Even when three regulars—Bob Horner, Larry Whisenton and Bruce Benedict—were given the day off, Atlanta pummeled Chicago 9–4.

Hits both short and long by Dusty Baker and Ron Cey twice carried the Dodgers (2–2) past the Mets. Two-run singles in the ninth by Baker and Cey jolted New York 6–5. And in a 7–6 victory, Fernando Valenzuela became the first 13-game winner in the majors, thanks to home runs by Baker and Cey plus some dandy relief by Steve Howe. Howe's three innings of one-hit ball lowered his ERA for his last 28 appearances to 0.57. During that stretch the Los Angeles lefthander has hurled a total of 47⅓ innings and has been credited with eight saves and four wins.

For Houston (3–1), it was the starting pitchers who provided the relief. With the bullpen in sad shape, the Astros were given a boost when Nolan Ryan, Joe Niekro and Bob Knepper pitched complete-game victories. Ryan whiffed 11 Pirates, gave up only six hits and won 4–2. After going 10 innings against Pittsburgh in the Astrodome, Niekro was removed for pinch hitter Harry Spilman, who walloped a home run for a 4–3 win. Knepper defeated the Bues 4–2 on Sunday with a five-hitter.

ATL 54–34 SD 50–40 LA 48–44
SF 43–49 HOUS 40–49 CIN 34–56

BALL PARK FIGURES

In response to an SI poll, major-leaguers rated the following players as the biggest hot dogs in the game today:

NATIONAL LEAGUE
1. Derrel Thomas, Dodgers
2. Al Hrabosky, Braves
3. Jay Johnstone, Cubs
4. Joaquin Andujar, Cardinals
5. Tug McGraw, Phillies

AMERICAN LEAGUE
1. Rickey Henderson, A's
2. Julio Cruz, Mariners
3. Reggie Jackson, Angels
4. Mike Norris, A's
5. Dan Ford, Orioles

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM GANTNER: The Milwaukee second baseman returned to action after missing a month with a bad shoulder and helped the Brewers stay in first place by hitting .733 (7 for 15) and driving across four runs.

NEW VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS

YOUR BEST DECISION IN ULTRA LOW TAR.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

Here's a cat who's an unrepentant killer

Naty (El Gato) Alvarado has this game by the tail

by Franz Lidz

Topflight handball traditionally has been a plodding game of endurance. The best players, however quick or canny, usually preferred hitting lobs and safe, high-percentage shots off side walls and the ceiling rather than going for winners—"kills" and passes—off the front wall. The modern master of the deliberate game was Paul (Haby Baby) Haber, who won five national championships between 1966 and 1971. Haber trained mostly in bars and crushed out his cigarette just before entering the court to snuff out his opponents. After Haber came six-time champion "Steady Freddie" Lewis, whose name described his style. Steady Freddie, 34 and now semi-retired, has all the flash of an accountant, which is what he is.

But last mooth in Tucson Naty Alvarado, who usually forgoes defense for an aggressive, catlike attack, defeated Steady Freddie, the defending champion, at his own methodical game to win the U.S. Handball Association's Four-Wall championship. With Vern Roberts, Alvarado, the No. 1-ranked professional handball player in the country since 1977, also won the doubles, becoming the first in 17 years to have a hand in both titles.

Alvarado, 26, came to pro handball six years ago from Juarez, Mexico, where his father, a former picador, is a railroad clerk. The younger Alvarado is called "El Matador" in his hometown, but he should be called "El Atila del Sur" (Attila of the South), the sobriquet the renowned Mexican revolutionary, Zapata, chose for himself. Since December 1976, Alvarado has waged his own guerrilla warfare on the courts; he has won 35 of the last 45 pro tournaments. Whether he'll continue to dominate the tour depends on whether there will be a tour to dominate; earlier this year it lost its sponsor, and is still searching for another.

Alvarado and Lewis orbit above every other handball player. For the past six years they've met in the finals of the nationals, with Alvarado winning four times. Still, not even Lewis can seriously challenge Alvarado on most occasions. Of the 34 tournament matches the two bave played since 1975, Alvarado has won 27.

"Naty is the greatest four-wall player I've ever seen," says Jimmy Jacobs, the last player to win both the singles and doubles at the nationals and now co-manager of WBC junior middleweight cbampion Wilfred Benitez and other prizefighters. Indeed, Alvarado may be the best handball player, period, since an Irish immigrant named Phil Casey brought the game to Brooklyn in 1882. In those days, handball was played against one wall. The one-wall game is still played today, as are the two-wall and three-wall versions (Alvarado has also won the three-wall title two of the last three years), but big-time handball is played against four walls.

This year's nationals were held at the Tucson Athletic Club. The court has two glass walls that give it the appearance of an exhibit at one of the more modern zoos. A sound system amplified every bang and bounce for the 200 or so fans in the bleachers; the room reverberated with a continuous rumble.

In his six matches, Alvarado stationed himself at midcourt and drove his opponents into flailing ineptitude. "It was as if I waso't in the game," said Glen Carden, after diving, leaping and losing to Alvarado 21–7, 21–7 in the quarterfinals. "I heard it all looked exciting. I just wish I could have participated."

Tbe players who get pounced on by Alvarado have another name for him, El Gato, which means The Cat io Spanish. El Gato prowls the court with feline grace; he's always poised, perfectly balanced and intensely alert. "I like to think of myself as a puma or a panther," says Alvarado. "I'm just ready to jump on the ball, ready to kill it. I'm hungry. They say a hungry lion hunts better."

Alvarado was still a kitten when he saw his first hand-

Alvarado rose above Roberts and everyone else in Tucson.

ball match. The game was *rebote*, a two-wall Mexican variation his father played. Alvarado's family wasn't as poor as you can be in Juarez, but as one of 11 children he had to share a bedroom with seven brothers and sisters. Alvarado's first and only coach, Chuy Burrola, is a little round C-level player from across the border in El Paso. When Alvarado was 13, Burrola, then 34, beat him in a tournament. Alvarado was impressed by Burrola's dazzling moves.

"I was a real *skeeny* kid then," says Alvarado.

"He was *real* skeeny," says Burrola. "Like a little pony."

Burrola brought Alvarado along in much the way Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi introduced Luke Skywalker to The Force. Burrola showed Alvarado how to harness his. "Rhythm and power will come as you grow older," Burrola told him. "Speed will bring you power, and power is magical."

Burrola taught Alvarado to use his whole body in his strokes, so his arm wouldn't burn out the way that of a pitcher with a faulty windup does. Burrola also helped develop Alvarado's offensive style, a relentless barrage of hard, low, hooking returns that baffle opponents like Fernando Valenzuela screwballs. But what makes Alvarado especially effective is that he can belt the ball equally well with either hand. Most pros favor one over the other.

Alvarado played mostly in the Juarez area until he won the first of his three U.S. junior titles in 1972. Then Burrola told him it was time to move on. Alvarado agreed. "There are lots of very good players from where I lived," says Alvarado. "But they never got any better because they got stuck in Juarez."

Above all, Burrola instructed, never make excuses. "You can fill up a swimming pool with excuses," he said. "Some players lose and blame it on the roosters croaking, or say they had the fever, or that the mariachis played too late and kept them from sleeping. Once you find excuses or become ashamed of losing, your progress stops."

So Alvarado left Burrola and barnstormed as an amateur on the newly formed pro tour. His English was a little skimpy. Once when he refereed a match, he stopped a game at 12. "I can't count any higher than that in English," he said jokingly.

Haber tried to intimidate the hotshot teen-ager at the 1973 nationals in Austin. After a point, Haber watched the ball roll dead. "Hey, kid," he shouted, "pick up the ball for me." Alvarado shrugged and pretended he didn't understand. For the next 10 minutes Haber and Alvarado stared at the ball while the crowd howled. "I knew he was the greatest player in handball," Alvarado says, "but I wouldn't give in. It was a matter of pride." The ref finally had to come into the court and pick up the ball. The kid went on to win the first game, Haber the second, and Haber took the third, known in handball as the tiebreaker, 21–20. "At least I earned his respect," says Alvarado. He won his first pro tournament three years later.

Naty was the pick of the litter in the eyes of his family after he won the national title for the fourth time in the last six years.

Even though Alvarado rules the handball courts, he made only $15,700 in prize money during the 1980-81 season, the most anyone has ever earned on the pro tour. In 1981-82, with the tour living hand-to-mouth, he made a total of $8,000 in four tournaments. That would put him eighth on the pro racquetball circuit. Handball players tend to regard their racquetball counterparts with disdain. They argue that racquetball is a lot easier, that almost anybody can step out onto a court and play a pretty good game. The ball is bigger and softer and doesn't hook. And you hit it with a racquet; you don't have to scoop out 90-mph shots with your hands.

At the Tucson Athletic Club, a poster credits Lewis with saying, "If God had wanted man to play racquetball, He would have strung his fingers." A lot of handball players think racquetball is played by corporate lawyers in designer T shirts. Most pro handballers have to hold part-time jobs. Alvarado sells life and disability insurance out of Santa Ana, Calif. His balletic doubles partner, Roberts, once supported his handball habit by working as a disco dancer and model.

It was a chance to make $5,000 that lured Alvarado into doubles at the nationals this year. AMF Voit, which sponsors Alvarado, promised him five grand if he won both the singles and doubles titles. If Alvarado had won only the singles, he would have received just the $2,000 purse the USHA scrounged up from private donors. There is no prize money in doubles.

In Tucson, Alvarado was still smarting from his loss to Lewis in the title match of last year's nationals. But Alvarado was so sure he'd win that he brought his mother, three sisters, three brothers-in-law, a brother, his wife, Lupe, and his two children, Lupe and Naty ("We chose those names because they're easy to remember," he says). Burrola watched from the stands. "They play for the whole marble," he said.

Steady Freddie shunned his usual defensive game and tried to take the offensive, but El Gato parried every smash with the nonchalance of a tiger brushing aside a fractious cub. "Lewis is trying to use power against power," said Burrola, shaking his head. "But Naty has not *begun* to show his magic." He didn't have to. He kept Lewis off balance with finesse and ball control, and won 21–6, 21–9.

Upon winning the final point, Alvarado leaped halfway up a 20-foot wall. "I used to be a skeeny kitten," he said later, "but now I'm a fat cat." END

by William Taaffe

Dad has 11 staffers; daughter is almost a one-person show.

They're waving the white flag

Except for the Cosells, the networks have given up on sports journalism

Remember how Luther nailed his theses to the door of the church in Wittenberg? In effect, that's what Neal Pilson did with his CBS Manifesto. In a speech to television writers, editors and critics last month in Phoenix, the rookie president of CBS Sports said that the sports divisions of the three networks might as well abandon serious journalism. No more Woodward and Bernstein on fun and games. No more Sportsgates. Time for a reformation. From now on, it's mostly kitsch interviews and the ripping and reading of scores.

Only last year, serious journalism was the trendiest thing in sports television this side of Phyllis George in a bonnet at the Derby. Seeing how Pilson's predecessor, Van Gordon Sauter, huffed and puffed about his allegiance to journalism while climbing to the presidency of CBS News, what are we to make of this sudden about-face? Is Pilson saint or heretic?

The feeling here is that Pilson should be applauded for his candor but sentenced to the stockade for waving the white flag. To say, as he did, that sports TV can't do "*60 Minutes*-style" reporting because it's in bed with the leagues whose games it carries is to suggest that Howard Cosell has been a fraud lo these many years. And to state, as Pilson did, that "we are not equipped" for sports journalism is to beg the question. If the networks can pay the NFL a total of $2.2 billion over the next five years, they can jolly well get themselves equipped. Finally, to say that serious sports journalism shall hereafter be the province of the network news divisions is to relegate it to oblivion. How can recruiting scandals elbow Yasser Arafat aside on Dan Rather's show? In addition, when the news side does cover sports, it usually treats the subject whimsically.

Before we tiptoe through the wasteland of sports journalism on the networks, let's get our terms straight. Journalism—even *60 Minutes*-style—doesn't have to involve wading through documents in archives to learn whether the athletic director at Sis Boom Bah U. is skimming off parking revenues from the stadium fund. There can be softer, informational pieces. Cosell's definition may be best: "Sports journalism on television has to be enterprise journalism. It shouldn't be reactive. It should be creative. . . . It's an unending task of information and education."

In fairness to Pilson, he still plans to cover major stories—point-shaving scandals, say—that others break. He'll still cover the news of the week on *Sports Saturday* and *Sports Sunday*. But enterprise? With one exception (a creative piece on racehorse surgery), CBS has surrendered the field all year.

The picture is better at NBC, but only barely. Now that Don Ohlmeyer has left as executive producer, no one knows which inmates have taken over the asylum. Producer Mike Weisman has used his Saturday pregame baseball show to provide insightful coverage of breaking stories in all sports, and Hilary Cosell, 30, Howard's daughter, keeps pumping along intelligently with her "Sports Journal" segments on *SportsWorld*. However, the network's commitment of its resources is ludicrous. Whereas Cosell *père* has 11 staffers working on his weekly *SportsBeat* show on ABC, Cosell *fille* has one helper. NBC kisses her off with about six to eight minutes every other week.

Over at ABC, the elder Cosell, 62, a self-promoter on football and a know-nothing on baseball, remains a whiz at serious journalism. Even his resources are spread too thin at times, but all that's obnoxious about *SportsBeat* is the numbers: Its average rating of 3.4 (percentage of TV homes tuned in) over 18 shows is right down there with 2 a.m. reruns of *The Life of Riley*.

Which leads us to the cold breath of truth. It seems that CBS and NBC will continue to drift away from investigative journalism because they believe it doesn't play in Peoria. Maybe there's a germ of truth in that assessment. Maybe the American sports fan doesn't want to know any more about the hard issues facing sports than he's currently getting.

But should sports television ignore serious stories unless 1) they sell or 2) some print guy stumbles over them on the way to the Olympics? Says Roone Arledge, president of news and sports at ABC, about the implications of the Pilson Manifesto, "Baloney. . . . It's naive and almost cynical to say that [sports] is just entertainment. If it were just entertainment, people wouldn't be lobbying Congress all the time, and there wouldn't be all these multimillion-dollar lawsuits."

As Howard loves to say, "Exactly right! That's the point I made a moment ago!" Like him or not, he and his daughter are the last audible voices crying in the wilderness. END

Break tradition.
Drink Ronrico Rum instead.
Face it, you already know what your usual rum, gin and vodka have to offer.
Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what it is you've been missing all along.
Ronrico is superbly smooth and light. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over.
Isn't it about time you broke tradition with Ronrico Rum?
RONRICO RUM & CANADA DRY TONIC
2 ozs of Ronrico Rum
2 thin lime slices
Canada Dry Tonic
Pour rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Add lime. Fill glass with Tonic. Stir lightly.
RONRICO
PUERTO RICAN RUM
CANADA DRY
TONIC WATER
RONRICO RUM
& CANADA DRY TONIC

Because you enjoy going first class.

In Venice or at home, life's more satisfying when you're enjoying the best. That's Passport. Enjoyed worldwide because it's made of Scotland's finest whiskies. Ask for Passport—go first class.

Passport Scotch.

The Sum of the Month Club

The lure of one last payday keeps 37-year-old Earnie Shavers in the ring

by Ralph Wiley

Driving through the evening mist of Martinsville, Va., Earnie Shavers looks like a kindly, peace-loving soul, if a very large, kindly, peace-loving soul. He's Good Old Earnie or Oh, Daddy, depending on your seat in the car, and he talks in a giggling honey voice. Yet Shavers, the greatest heavyweight knockout puncher of this century, is still throwing fearful right hands to make ends meet, five years after he lost to Muhammad Ali, three years after his last title shot—a TKO in the 11th round by Larry Holmes—three years after a detached retina, and 11 months after his 37th birthday.

Why, Earnie?

"Maybe I'm slower," he says, "but I can be slow, as long as I land. I'll take little fights, ones I can't get hurt in, don't train for, and wait for one last payday."

His record is 67–11–1, and 64 of those victories have been KOs, 49 times inside of three rounds. His KO-to-win percentage is .940. George Foreman is second at .933. No other heavyweight is close.

Shavers retired in August 1980 after being stopped by Randall (Tex) Cobb in eight rounds. He unretired and eventually met Jeff Sims on Dec. 11, 1981 in Nassau, the Bahamas. That night, in the main event, Muhammad Ali, whom Shavers couldn't drop but sorely tested in 1977, had no mirrors left for Trevor Berbick.

"Earnie didn't look like Frazier or Ali coming back, did he?" asks LaVerne, his wife of 18 years. "Earnie always gives them a show."

Against Sims, Shavers was dropped in the first round but got up and knocked out Sims with a thunderous right in the fifth.

Since then Shavers has fought at the drop of a hat, if the right denominations were in it. Say $100,000. Would you believe $50,000? A lousy $20,000, you say? He'll get back to you.

Shavers' last fight was on June 22, a fifth-round knockout of one Billy Joe Thomas in Houston just 11 days after he had lost a close 10-round decision to a once-floored James (Quick) Tillis on the Holmes-Gerry Cooney card in Las Vegas.

In the two months before that, Shavers had knocked out Smiley Sutton in Charleston, S.C., Joe Bugner in Dallas and Ali Hakin in Traverse City, Mich. "Broke his jaw and busted his inner ear," Shavers says of the latter. "He was a kid, cocky, but a kid. He wasn't ready for me." Shavers was to have fought this week on the undercard on the postponed Cobb-Mike Weaver WBA title bout, but now his next fight probably won't be until Aug. 17 when he'll meet Walter Santemore in Lafayette, La.

"I get calls every day," Shavers says. "Florida called, wants to make me and Sims again. Money's not right. Just hung up talking to Atlantic City. I pick what I want."

In truth he wants none of what he picks. Need is a different story.

"I've been on the road for 13 years," Shavers says. "I'm tired. The man ended up with the money, and I ended up with the headaches and the epsom salts. It's a cold-hearted business, where out of 23 people, 22 are thieves. I was too nice."

Shavers has been typecast in almost every role the public envisions a heavyweight will play: the all-or-nothing fighter, the one-punch knockout artist, the smart money, the contender, the uncrowned champion, the game battler, the crafty war-horse coming back, the sentimental favorite, the old fool.

"Don't forget the champ," Shavers says. "I was champ for 30 seconds." That is his mental timing of Larry Holmes's stay in the foyer of unconsciousness when Earnie knocked him down in the seventh round on Sept. 28, 1979. "That was the hardest I ever hit anybody," Shavers says. "I said, 'He can't get up. Nobody could get up. Damn, he got up.' "

Holmes, who insists Shavers is the best puncher extant, survived to retain his title. In that fight Shavers suffered a detached retina in his left eye, which was surgically repaired by Dr. Ronald Michels of Baltimore, who later performed similar surgery on Sugar Ray Leonard and Kansas City Chiefs Running Back Joe Delaney.

"Whether you'll fight in that state depends on what state your pockets are in," says Harold Weston Jr., a former welterweight contender whose retina was detached three years ago, whereupon he retired from the ring.

"Each case is different," says Dr. James Schutz, who performed Weston's surgery. "Some are so severe. [Weston] had a giant retinal tear. A giant tear is any over 90 degrees. Weston's was 180 degrees, one of the worst I'd seen."

According to Michels, Shavers' tear was "about 240 degrees." But Michels

continued

Shavers' business isn't quite cleaning up.

Alive with pleasure!

Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

BOX: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine KINGS: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981

Against Holmes, Shavers was a 30-second champ.

also says the threat of reoccurrence is no greater than that of occurrence. "His repaired eye is quite sound, comparable to the uninjured eye, and that is as far as we know. The risks do become greater as one becomes older."

Five months after the eye surgery, Shavers was KO'd in seven by Bernardo Mercardo, and five months after that came the loss to Cobb.

"Larry Holmes was without doubt the best I ever fought," says Shavers. "And he was my sparring partner once. So why not come back? There are no more Larrys. I'd fight Gerry Cooney tomorrow. His chin doesn't seem too firm. Imagine. Ten million [the projected payday for both Holmes and Cooney last month]. And I've been fighting for what seems like 50 years. I'll take one $500,000 payday. Why won't Greg Page or [WBA champ] Mike Weaver fight me?"

Shavers could have had a big payday if he hadn't hit Rocky Balboa too hard. In the spring of 1981 Shavers was flown to Los Angeles to do a test for the role of Clubber Lang in Sylvester Stallone's *Rocky III*.

"We had on 20-ounce gloves," Shavers says. "Sylvester whispers to me, 'I want you to open up on me.' I kept throwing my arms, not punches really. Sylvester says, 'Harder, Earnie! Harder!' I can't take him serious. 'Harder!' he says. O.K., if you insist. BOOM! In the body. His brother said I knocked him off-camera. He went to the bathroom. I hate to think what if the gloves had been smaller."

Shavers didn't get the part. He's thinking about testing for a small role as J.R. Ewing's bodyguard on *Dallas*, but he refused to go on the road as Dolly Parton's bodyguard. For now, Shavers figures Martinsville and a roped square are road enough. "Money can be made here," he says, going into his simple brick store, Knock Out Janitorial Supply, Inc. Posted on the walls are slogans like OF ALL THE NO GOOD, LOW DOWN, UNSCRUPULOUS, CONNIVING, CHEAP PROPOSITIONS, I LIKE YOURS BEST. Business is "growing," according to Shavers, who took an hour here and there to train for the Tillis fight in a makeshift gym—heavy bag above plywood planking in back of the store.

LaVerne Shavers works for her husband and also sells cosmetics and aloe vera products. "That aloe vera helps me heal," says Shavers. "They said after the Tillis fight that the 10-stitch cut over my right eye would suspend me for 21 days. But I fought in Houston 10 days later."

Between fights and supply runs, Shavers makes personal appearances and peddles a gas additive called Mix-I-Go, flashing a testimonial letter from Big Daddy Don Garlits. Everyone is attentive because this is Earnie Shavers, the nice guy with the grin who damn near beat Ali, and besides, Jimmy Adams and Ben Gardner say he's all right.

Shavers was down and out when he met Martinsville's Adams, a former wrestler, in March 1980. They became fast friends, and last August Shavers moved his family to Martinsville. Adams introduced Shavers to Ron Swinney, a banker who saw Shavers' right as good collateral, and Gardner, an attorney who happened to be a lifelong Shavers fan.

For no compensation, Gardner helps Shavers with fight contracts, investment planning, tax shelters and other economic knots his former manager had considered loose ends. "I didn't know what I was doing," Shavers says. "I fought 40 fights for nothing."

Shavers was 22 before he ever put on boxing gloves. He was born in Garland, Ala., but in adolescence knew little beyond Braceville, Ohio, nine siblings, team sports, drag racing and the bumper assembly line at General Motors.

Once the money from boxing started to come in, Shavers "lived above my means. I looked ahead too far. I got there before the money got there."

There was a magnificent house in Mecca, Ohio, valued at anywhere from $338,000 to $575,000, a budding coin collection, a business, Shavers Janitorial Supply. But Shavers hadn't counted on expenses, the IRS and his own rather optimistic arithmetic. He was unaware that the two biggest paydays he ever had—Ali and Holmes, a combined $600,000—could vanish so fast.

"I was paying $400 a month just to heat the pool at that place," he says of his 70-acre estate in Mecca. "It took all day to clean the sewers, two days to cut the lawn. I didn't need that house, and it turned out I didn't want it either."

Mecca crumbled. The IRS hit Shavers with a 1979 tax claim for $172,043. His debt to Trumbull Savings and Loan came to more than $71,000; the bank auctioned the house last September.

"I could have declared bankruptcy," Shavers says. "I just didn't want to do it. The ones I owed knew I could file, so they were patient and got paid. Some are still getting paid. But no one should think I'm bad off, because I'm not."

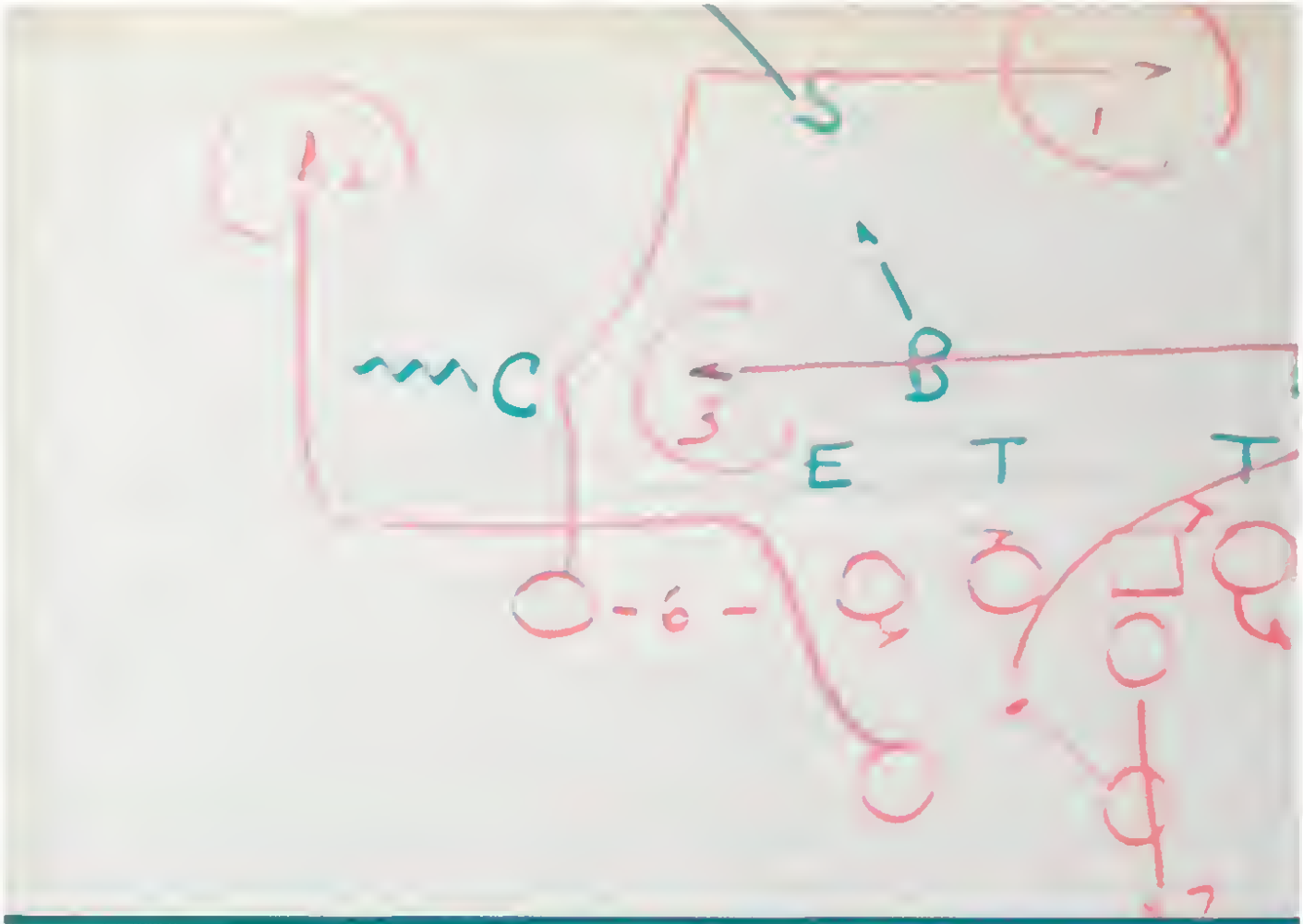
"We're not bitter," LaVerne says. "Earnie and I don't blame our downfall on others. We just get up."

"We miss our friends in Ohio, that's all," Shavers says. "We still go back. But never to live." Shavers' new Mecca is a rented home in Martinsville's Lakewood Forest—a roof for LaVerne and their five daughters, ages six to 17.

"One more fight could make Earnie secure, if that fight were against Weaver or Holmes," Gardner says.

"Archie Moore fought until he was 50," Shavers says. "So did Jack Johnson." Joe Louis fought until he was 37, including 10 fights after he "retired" in 1949. Many times in Vegas, Shavers had bent over Louis' wheelchair to pay homage. "I'm happy here in Martinsville," Shavers says, "and I don't mind fighting. I just don't like watching. There's a fortune to be made here."

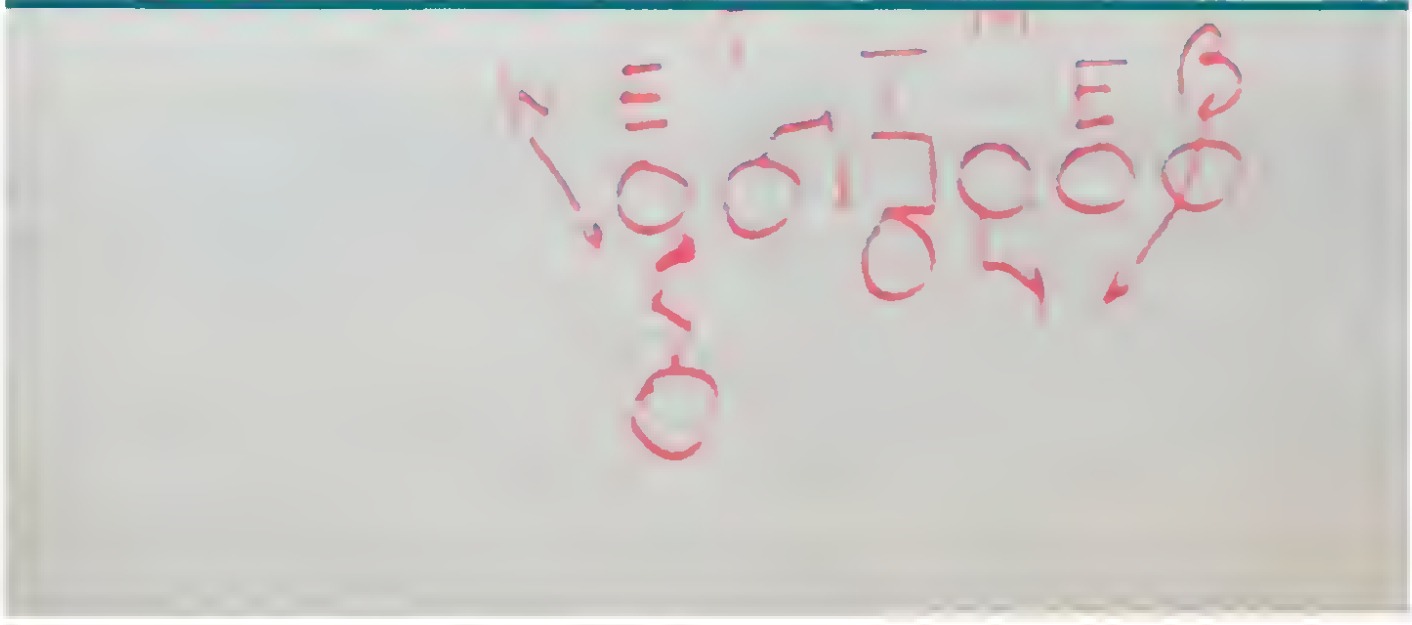
Shavers goes into the shoulder-rolling of a fistfighter. "Four more at most," he says, raising his right fist. "And remember, I'll always have this." END

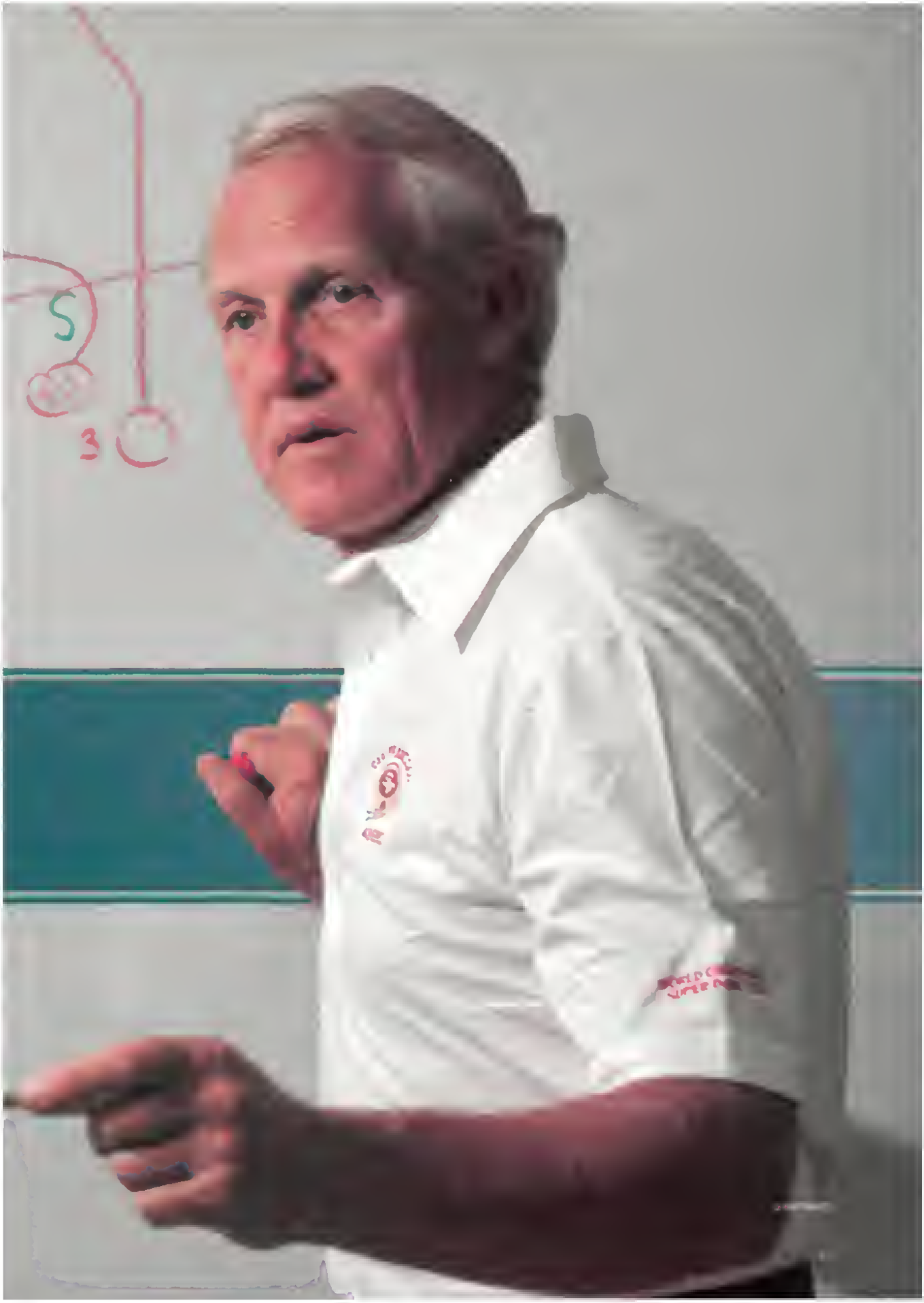


To Baffle And Amaze

In 1979 Bill Walsh brought his iconoclastic, unpredictable and wide-open brand of football to the lowly San Francisco 49ers. Three seasons later they were Super Bowl champions

by **Kenny Moore**





Bill Walsh

continued

You half expect his headset is playing Mozart.

—JIM MURRAY,
Los Angeles Times

Bill Walsh sits somewhat uneasily at the head table at a Rotary Club of San Jose luncheon. The program began before the stragglers reached the buffet, which features veal bird in tomato sauce. Dr. Gail Fullerton, the president of San Jose State, Walsh's alma mater, is announcing the construction of a recreation and events center. Walsh sits with his fingers clasped before his chin, contemplative, a study.

It is certainly natural to be curious about Walsh. For 11 seasons he was an ambitious and brilliant NFL assistant coach but was never judged worthy of being entrusted with his own team. Word got about that there was something different about him, something that unsettled owners and general managers. He had a mind that saw deeply and in detail, they said; he could encompass two or three sides to a question. In the euphemistic world of football, that meant he was indecisive. They said he was a good, humane teacher, and that meant he was soft. They said he was a genius, and that meant he was too abstruse

Finally, Stanford made him a college head coach in December 1976 and after two seasons there, he was given the 49ers, the 2-and-14 49ers. Three years later San Francisco was 16–3 and Super Bowl champion. After losing to the 49ers in the NFC championship game, Dallas Coach Tom Landry, certainly not an intemperate man, spoke for his proud team and many of his frustrated colleagues when he said, "The difference is Montana. There's *nothing else there* but him." Joe Montana was magnificent. But besides the quarterback, Fred Dean was there, and Jack Reynolds and three remarkable rookie defensive backs. And, above all, Walsh. To the casual observer, Walsh's success seemed a rebuke to professional football for not having used him better, for not having understood him. And that is nearly unfathomable, for few men are as capable of making themselves understood as Walsh.

Walsh, 50, has a telling face. In profile, his forehead and jaw are windswept and flinty, appropriate in his calling for projecting sureness in the maelstrom of battle. Full on, however, his features are mobile, softer than one might imagine, more complex. At the Rotary luncheon his bright-blue gaze roams the smoky room, straying above the mass of tailored businessmen, all stuck with buttons and ribbons and name tags.

The invocation has included the re-

After 25 years in the wings, Walsh climbed to the top of his profession in last season's Super Bowl.

According to Wyche (left), Montana often calls plays for the 49ers on Sunday that Walsh concocted in practice on Saturday.

markable assertion, "I reject the stale calm of Utopia," apparently meaning that there must be more to life than contentment with California affluence. The Rotarians have murmured assent. Thus, spread before Walsh seems a prototypical pro football audience, corporate males hungry to add some adrenaline and risk and, perhaps, vicarious concussion to their low-struggle lives. Walsh thinks, "What can I possibly say to these people that they will care about?"

Walsh makes few such appearances. But friends and the school have collared him. Not that he truly minds. Such things are vaguely expected of an NFL coach. "And," Geri Walsh, his wife of 27 years, has said, "he doesn't waste energy being negative about anything that is part of his job."

It is also a measure of his positivism that, as his college coach, Bob Bronzan, rises to introduce him, Walsh doesn't muse about the two occasions he was passed over to coach San Jose State. Instead, he thinks of Bronzan: "He's one of those people who have been saying lately that they always knew I'd be successful. Well, they *didn't* know. I didn't apply myself at *all* at school."

Bronzan is 63 and trim, with a sharp, downturning grin that might convey either humor or hardness. Here, it is humor. Apparently clairvoyant, he at once rebuts Walsh's thought. "The good said about him now was said about him then," says Bronzan as he produces a letter of recommendation he wrote for Walsh in 1956. "Bill Walsh is destined to be among the best teachers and coaches San Jose State has ever graduated," he reads. "His ability and knowledge and interest leave no*thing* to be desired." Dropping the letter in Walsh's lap, Bronzan goes on to compare him with those coaches most influential in football history—Pop Warner, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Clark Shaughnessy—saying, "It is his great work to almost scientifically analyze the skills of his players and to devise tactics based on those."

When Bronzan finishes, Walsh takes the podium, smiling at his friend's tone, which has seemed to him more suited to the canonization of Mother Teresa. Great work, indeed. "I bet I showed that letter to *50* potential employers," he says as the chuckles begin to mount. "And it only took me 20 years to make head coach, so I could try to live up to it."

He takes this willing audience along some of that road. "You go through life wondering if your approach and judgments are the right ones," says Walsh. "Dick Vermeil and I were assistants at Stanford [in 1965] together. Then I worked as an assistant in the NFL with Oakland, Cincinnati and San Diego, while Dick [after one season as an assistant at UCLA and four with the Rams] became the UCLA head coach and won the Rose Bowl. Then, as head coach at Philadelphia, he rejuvenated that program and went to the Super Bowl. I always wondered whether I could come close to doing what he did. Could I turn on that energy and drive? I visited with him a lot, asking him how to do it." Walsh pauses, seemingly caught up in how it was, the doubt pressing in. "Then last year we won the Super Bowl, and now *I'm* getting calls from Dick Vermeil."

He says this with such astonished satisfaction that the room laughs with him and then falls silent, rapt. At last Walsh speaks of how *he* does it. "I believe human dignity is vital," he says. "You can only succeed when people are communicating, not just from the top down but in complete interchange. Communication comes from fighting off my ego and listening. Leadership comes from competence. Joe Montana became a leader, at first, because of his feet and arm. Because of performance. Leadership is by example, not talk. The players look to a coach for decisions in games. If those are good ones, the players will begin to have confidence in them."

Walsh describes various underpinnings of the 49ers' success, including the attention to detail, his trying to instill each day with a sense of urgency, the need to challenge his players intellectually. "How you look at your opposition is important," he says. "Rather than being obsessed with others, we work instead for a standard of performance. We didn't

continued

At Tahoe, Mom and Dad relaxed with the family's real athlete, Elizabeth.

Bill Walsh

continued

talk about winning at first, in 1979, when we were 2 and 14. We talked about improving our standards. The social and financial things in life are distractions. In football the distractions are the crowds, the travel, the officials, the weather, the odds. But if the standards are there, performance will be able to rise undistracted by all that."

He has been speaking with ascending urgency, as if his thoughts had been bottled up. Now he slows. "In 1980 we lost eight in a row. As the weeks went on, privately I'd almost break down and weep. Miami administered the eighth loss. I flew back asking myself if I could keep going. It was the critical point in my career. I knew we'd made progress, but would it take another man to actually win? We won the next three. The lesson is that often you're making the most progress when it seems the worst. You're maturing. The standards are rising. And that led to winning 15 of the last 16 last season. We simply went out and played our game."

Walsh concludes with a few words of praise for the ethics and the innovative approach to coaching that Bronzan passed on to him at San Jose State, and then he is engulfed by well-wishers. He has reached them, and they are giddy. "I'm in computers," says one man, seizing Walsh's hand with both of his own, "and what you said is as good for us as for football."

"I know," says Walsh. "I'll come work for you when things go sour."

The Rotarians are struck by his openness. Few men, in this profession that has always elevated the stoic and the terse, give luncheon speeches that describe themselves as having been on the verge of tears. As he leaves, the crowd parts deferentially, reluctantly, more curious than ever, it seems. "What a guy that would be to get to know," says one, as though wishing for a view from *Columbia*.

After all this, Walsh has the nerve to sit in his office and say he worries about himself as a public speaker. "I'm not an entertainer," he says, "and stories about football bore me. 'The time we did this. . . .' I'm embarrassed trying things like that because it's not me." Yet Walsh doesn't need to be reassured that what *is* him, his careful thought, genuinely felt and expressed, may be far more powerful than the most entertaining of old stories. He's simply at pains now, as the glow of the championship fades and a new season looms, to resist the temptation to pontificate. Walsh reached his pinnacle for many reasons, but one of them was not so he could shout how others have been playing football all wrong, even if they have.

Walsh's candor is evoked, rather, by issues that can be turned and scrutinized, and perhaps never really settled. "Unfortunately, in my youth I got in the habit of reading two or three books at a time," he says, though why that is unfortunate is not clear. He has read extensively about the Civil War. "But it got so damned depressing, I've stopped that," he says. "The people are interesting, but the carnage was terrible." Walsh has read almost everything ethologist Konrad Lorenz has ever written. "He seems to me to come the closest to describing the causes of our behavior patterns, seeing us as more instinctive than environmentally influenced." Walsh also appears to have a soft spot for Robert Ardrey, the playwright who took up the study of early man. "Ardrey is kind of the Bruce Catton of anthropology," he says, "the popularizer, the risk-taker, drawing conclusions that others might not make."

Because he is not above drawing a conclusion or two himself, Walsh is thus a tempting man to talk football with, if you can get him on the subject. Yet, given a reasonably sensible question, Walsh often will construct a wondrously expansive answer. Asked whether it is fair to call coaching differences conflicting ideologies, he says, "In the Midwest, there's a philosophy or approach that people become students of, or parties to, personified by Woody Hayes and Bo Schembechler, which is based on fundamentals and disciplined play. Individual ability isn't much of a factor. Not that players are clones, but parts of a *unit* that functions methodically. Certain precepts control it. In each situation here is what you do. It's a sound approach, and the drills and appearance and values are similar from school to school. It's predictable, but they feel comfortable with that. It's as if one side says, 'We know where you're going and we're going to stop you' and the other side says, 'We know you know, but no, you're not.' Success then is related to execution, to superior personnel. If you have the best players, you want to create a situation in which the best win, if only marginally. That's conservative football—siege warfare. The somberness and drudgery can be overstated, of course. Hayes is an intelligent and scholarly man with more feeling for his players than almost anyone I've met. The problem is when an Indiana, say, without the personnel, tries again and again to compete that way. I'm not sure that such schools take full advantage of the game's rules."

Walsh, of course, has explored the rules. "In basketball the players are so good that they have gone be*yond* the rules," he says. "In football we have yet to reach their limit. Rock-solid fundamentals are important but don't give you the flexibility and options that we'd like to see. We talk about skills, not fundamentals. Skills you adapt to a person's abilities. We might teach the same pattern to Renaldo Nehemiah and Dwight Clark, but we'd allow for Skeet's speed and Dwight's strength; each would perform differently to take full advantage of his gift."

Once those skills are honed, the 49ers are better able to take advantage of Walsh's gift—a seemingly unending sup-

continued

KOOL ULTRA

There's only one way to play it...

No other ultra brings you a sensation this refreshing. Even at 2 mg., Kool Ultra has taste that outplays them all.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; 100's, 5 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©1982 B&W TCo.

ply of plays and formations designed to baffle and amaze, and so create the certainty of an open man, an undefended area. The result in San Francisco has been a quirky, iconoclastic, emphatically unpredictable sort of football. It is true California football, never quite grasped before it changes, irreverent toward tradition, pressing at imagined limits and upsetting the doctrinaire to the point of causing moral disapproval.

Walsh is exuberantly Californian. The 49er offices in Redwood City are so casual that a visitor might think he had stumbled into a YMCA. The august silver football of the Lombardi Trophy, awarded to the Super Bowl champion, sits in a glass case just inside the front door where you can't look at it for all the hearty people going in and out. Walsh's office, presided over by his secretary, the euphonious Nicole Claudine Gisele Langerak, contains a sculpture in soldered brass of a receiver making a leaping catch, the defender in good position but outjumped. Tennis rackets abound. "Tennis is what saves me," says Walsh. When a visitor remarks on how the nutmeg-like fragrance of the star jasmine blooming outside evokes memories of childhood trips to the Bay Area, Walsh says, "Oh, yes. Smells can be the most powerful trigger. When we were in Cincinnati [where he was the Bengals' offensive coach from 1968 to 1975], there was a pine tree a block or two from our house. We'd go stand under it and close our eyes and imagine we were in the Sierras."

Walsh was born in Los Angeles on Nov. 30, 1931. "We lived near the Coliseum and sports were just part of my life," he says. "There was no sense of it being ordained, my becoming a player or coach." As a sophomore, Walsh played on the George Washington High team with Hugh McElhenny, but then moved with his parents to tiny Central Point, Ore. A year later the family moved to Hayward in the East Bay, and Walsh graduated from Hayward High in 1949. He was a running back and a sprinter at Hayward. He ran 10.0 for 100 yards and, more impressive, 22.0 for 220. His speed was cut his senior year, however, by a torn quadriceps muscle, an injury made more lasting by a track coach who did not appear to believe it was real. "It related to my personality," says Walsh. "I was an easy-going, good-time guy, and I wasn't writhing in pain." You can see the scarred muscle in Walsh's right thigh today, and, as with most things in his life, the lesson has not been lost. "It illustrates the weight of a coach's responsibility," he says, "especially in football, where emotions can run to a savage degree. There, it's not just the danger of a pulled muscle, but of brain injury."

After two years at San Mateo Junior College, Walsh enrolled at San Jose State, majoring in education. Bronzan switched him to end. By then it was clear that if he were to make a memorable contribution to football, it would have to be as a theorist rather than as a player. "That letter Bronzan wrote was after *grad* school," Walsh says. "I was 24 and had been in the Army and was married and had a son. By then I was a better teacher for having played under Bronzan, who was organized and contemporary and without question overqualified for that job."

In retrospect, Walsh thinks he took his own sweet time in measuring up to Bronzan's example. "My first job as a head coach was at Washington Union High in Fremont [also in the East Bay]," he says. "I was 25, and I stumbled through. The team did well [having gone 1–26 over the three seasons before he arrived, Washington was 9–1 in Walsh's second year], but gosh, I needed seasoning. The kids liked me, but I was too emotional, too negative."

In 1960 Walsh was hired by University of California Coach Marv Levy. "He felt a local high school coach was needed," says Walsh, "and I happened to make the right impression. I was a good recruiter. I brought Craig Morton to Cal. But then Marv made me his defensive coordinator, which might have been his undoing." In 1963 John Ralston hired Walsh as an assistant coach at Stanford, where again he was to recruit. Later he coached defensive backs. He does not reflect on this period with much fondness. "I was a poor coach at Cal," says Walsh. "I was too demanding, too authoritarian. I was going to be the next Jim Owens." He tells no stories of haunting mistakes, but clearly the thought of the pushy young Walsh is sobering him.

"I feel an obligation to young coaches," he says. "At a clinic, for example, I'll go rapidly through a lot of technical football until they can't follow me anymore—until they know for sure that *there is more to this than they know.* Then I'll talk about the thoughtfulness that is needed in coaches. In the classroom it is sad, but not killing, if you're dull or negative. The kid can go to the next class. But on the field, his physical well-being, his ego and his basic character are at your disposal. Strong young men, with the chemicals flowing, are as emotionally charged as young men at war. It can be a tremendous experience, or it can leave permanent scars. We don't always entrust the responsibility for that experience to the right people. Young high school coaches, young college assistants—of every 10 you meet at a clinic or camp, maybe two or three are too hungry, think too much of themselves. They relate to the youngsters, know the buzz words, have the clothes, make a bright impression on parents, but the ambition is there, and with it the chance for

Walsh is the prince of offensive strategies—in football, that is.

recklessness, or misleading a player. They may be O.K. later, but not at that point."

It seems a point he feels fortunate to have escaped. "At all levels, the need is simply for experience," he says. "A man in his 40s is a better coach than a man in his 30s. He's generally mellowed, and he has fewer personal needs that control his behavior. He can see the athletes."

Walsh's vision began to clear in 1966, when Oakland hired him as backfield coach under Al Davis. Walsh, until then a defensive strategist (he had written his master's thesis at San Jose State on stopping the pro-spread offense), has called Davis "a truly great football coach," especially as an exponent of the passing game. "The Raiders had everybody catching the ball," says Walsh. Davis had worked for Sid Gillman at San Diego, and Walsh regards Gillman as one of the two coaches who brought intelligent passing to pro football. The other is Paul Brown, who before the 1968 season became Walsh's next employer, taking him on as quarterback and receiver coach for the new Cincinnati franchise. Walsh was then 36.

"Leaving Stanford and going to the pros might have been dumb," says Walsh, "but I was attracted to the technical, artistic part of the pro game. That reduced my chances for a head-coaching job because I got into the pro assistant syndrome, where you may be well paid, but you're perceived as possibly too much the specialist to be a head coach."

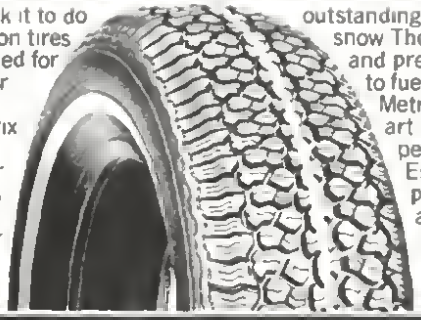
If he was a specialist, Walsh was certainly a spectacular one in Cincinnati, developing quarterbacks Virgil Carter, Greg Cook and Ken Anderson. Gone, or suppressed, was the earlier impatience and authoritarian bent. Sam Wyche, now Walsh's assistant for quarterbacks in San Francisco, was, as Wyche puts it, "a free-agent, walk-on, tryout, hopeful" quarterback at Cincinnati. "Bill was very precise," he says, "as was Paul Brown. Walsh taught in *advance* of our trying something, first drawing the play and describing your sequence of options. 'If he's covered, go to this man; if *he's* covered, go over here.' Then we looked at it on film, to see what we'd been visualizing. On the field we'd master it against one defense, then others. The advantage was that he got more plays in a game that way." Walsh also developed a swiftness of play-learning that allowed him to

continued

DON'T EMBARRASS YOUR ESCORT.

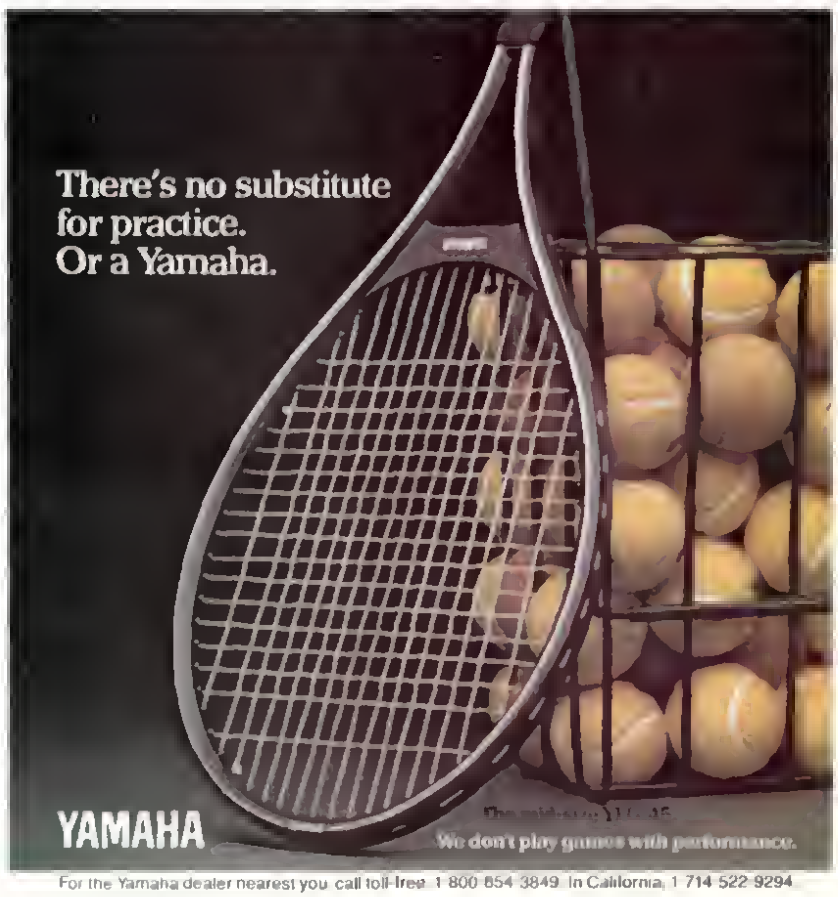
Don't ask it to do its best on tires that weren't designed for it. Instead, give your Escort a set of new Firestone 721® Metrix —the steel-belted radials designed for today's smaller cars.

721 Metrix is the ideal companion for Escort front-wheel drive...to give you outstanding traction in rain or snow. The handling is crisp and precise. When it comes to fuel economy, 721 Metrix is state of the art. On 721 Metrix, the performance of your Escort will give you plenty to be proud about. So check out this remarkable new radial. Now at your Firestone Retailer.



Firestone

721® METRIX. THE RADIAL, REDESIGNED FOR TODAY'S CARS.



For the Yamaha dealer nearest you call toll-free 1 800 854 3849. In California, 1 714 522 9294.

dream up and teach a play on Saturday and see it executed on Sunday, which he regularly does in San Francisco.

"Credit Paul Brown for giving me the latitude to explore," says Walsh. Yet Brown's old friends disdained Walsh's short passes to backs as second or third options. " 'Nickel and diming' they called it," says Walsh. "The pass just wasn't used that way."

The Cincinnati years, in the telling, seem a time when Walsh became more comfortable with himself, when his coaching character began to take on a richer individuality. "Bob Trumpy and I played golf with him once," says Wyche. "I'd taken up magic, and on one fairway I switched an exploding ball for Bill's. He went at it with a wood, and when it blew up he had such a look of amazement that Trumpy and I were rolling in the grass. We were *players*. Sure we respected him, but we weren't so much in awe that he couldn't be a friend. Lord, we wouldn't have done it with Brown."

No. Brown seems to have been the archetype of the hard, distant overseer. "He was a stickler for punctuality," says 49er Defensive Coordinator Chuck Studley, who rode to work with Walsh, arguing offensive and defensive theory five of the eight years Walsh was in Cincinnati. "On the other hand, Bill isn't acutely sensitive to time. Once our plane was heading out to the runway when the captain announced he'd been radioed to come back and pick up one of our party. . . ."

". . . I'd gone to the wrong gate," says Walsh, "and when I got it right, I came running up and saw the plane move away. Then I did the worst thing I could possibly do. I told the guy with the headset, 'I'm supposed to be on that plane.' He called it back. I should have taken a different flight, but there was no hiding then . . ."

". . . And the only seat on the plane . . " says Studley, who tells this with loving sympathy,

". . . was right next to Paul Brown."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

Could it be that Walsh's white attire and the white decor at his house have special meaning?

says Walsh, twisting in his chair 12 years later. "He stared straight ahead. So did I. We made our explanations later."

Communication between Brown and Walsh apparently was not the fullest. By 1974 Walsh knew he was ready to be more than an assistant coach. Brown was 65. Walsh faced a choice. Should he remain in Cincinnati in hope of succeeding Brown, or think of going elsewhere? "I was eager to be a head coach," Walsh has said. "I at least wanted to be involved as a candidate. But Brown is a loyalist. The mere mention of another job might have messed me up with him and the Bengals. So I stayed quiet."

Walsh says that while he and Brown never spoke of who would replace the patriarch, Walsh came to feel he was the logical successor. "I think now," he said last January, "that I was never as close to getting the job as I believed at the time."

But he believed. Thus he was, to use his word, "shattered" when Brown turned the reins over to Bill Johnson in 1976. Walsh has long since rid himself of that disappointment, even before the 49ers beat Brown's Bengals in Super Bowl XVI. Still, Walsh dislikes discussing it. It is past. "I think I accept the explanation Paul gave me for not giving me the job," he has said. "And that is, he was concerned I would return to California as soon as I got the opportunity, whether I was a head coach or not." Walsh says he was prepared to stay in Cincinnati indefinitely, but he does love California. One can understand Brown's worrying, especially if he got a look at Walsh inhaling under that pine tree.

But now Walsh had to move, or linger in the role of permanent assistant. He immediately took the job as offensive coordinator under Tommy Prothro at San Diego. In one year he worked his magic on Dan Fouts, turning him into the league's most prolific passer. But had Walsh not simply exchanged one assistantship for another?

"Tommy Prothro knows *systematically* where he stands in his own mind," says Walsh. "He showed me how strong a man can be in professional ethics, because he finally transcended his own interests." The occasion was when Stanford offered Walsh, at 45, his first head coach's job since high school. "Tommy spoke highly of me to Stanford," says Walsh. "We discussed the advantages. When I chose to go, he understood, even though it was a distraction to the team. That example is one I'd like to think I could live by. That standard."

Walsh's oldest son, Steve, 25, is a writer for Channel 4 News in San Francisco. An independent soul who left home at 17 to get into radio, he maintains a cheerful objectivity concerning his father. "I saw the frustrations under Paul Brown, though I wasn't able to recognize them," says Steve. "I thought Brown wasn't a half-bad guy when I was 12. My mother and I would watch the Bengals lose, and I'd say, 'So what, they're new. It's a

game. It's only a game.' And my mother would say, 'You don't understand.' I could see the strain near the end. My dad seemed to be aging. But when he got to Stanford, it was like he was on vacation. His face was relaxed. He was coming *back*."

Under Walsh, Stanford went 9–3 and 8–4 and won the '77 Sun and '78 Bluebonnet bowls. His quarterbacks were Guy Benjamin and Steve Dils, each of whom led the NCAA in passing for a season. He was revered by the faculty and the administration. Yet Geri, for one, suspected that for all of its rewards, Stanford would not be the last stop. "Even in Cincinnati," she says, "I couldn't understand why, if in a company you had good ideas and worked hard you got promoted, why not in football? But no, it's like show business. It calls for the big break."

She recalls the time after the 1977 season when Carroll Rosenbloom was looking for someone to replace Chuck Knox as coach of the Rams. Rosenbloom had amicable talks with Walsh. Indeed, Ram General Manager Don Klosterman, who sat in on them, reportedly said he thought Walsh was a cinch to be hired. But Rosenbloom delayed making a decision, and, after Walsh withdrew his name from consideration because he couldn't keep Stanford waiting, Rosenbloom hired George Allen, whom he would release two games into the exhibition season. Geri shakes her head. "I rest my case," she says.

The final break came in January 1979. The 49ers had just staggered through their worst season in history, 2–14. General Manager Joe Thomas had gone through four coaches in two years and had traded 14 draft choices. Owner Eddie DeBartolo fired Thomas and presented the jobs of coach and general manager to Walsh. Three years later, thanks to determined standard-raising and happening onto players like Reynolds and Dean, who were available because of contract difficulties with their old teams, San Francisco was 16–3 and the Super Bowl champion. "The longest continuous silence in professional football history," in the phrase of *San Francisco Chronicle* writer Lowell Cohn, was at an end.

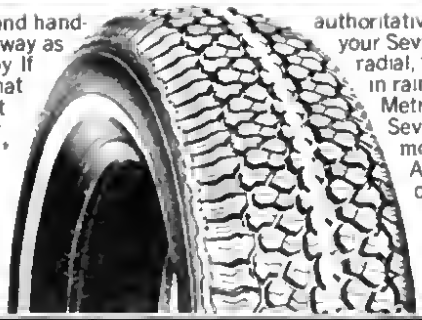
Of course, as Walsh has said, there was far more to the 49ers' success than that. He once again molded a splendid quarterback, allowing the mobility and poise of Montana to find full expression. "It

continued

KEEP THE THRILL IN YOUR SEVILLE.

Traction and handling slip away as your tires wear away. If your Seville isn't what it once was, watch it snap back on a new set of Firestone 721® Metrix—the steel-belted radials specially designed for today's cars.

721 Metrix was designed for crisp, authoritative handling—just like your Seville. It's an all-season radial, for superb traction in rain or snow. And 721 Metrix can help your Seville squeeze out more miles per gallon. An extraordinary car deserves an extraordinary tire. The 721 Metrix. At your Firestone Retailer.



Firestone

721® METRIX. THE RADIAL, REDESIGNED FOR TODAY'S CARS.

Presenting Cinemax. The 24 hour movie service with a different choice of movies.

Over 50 movies each month.
Cinemax is the cable TV service with over 50 different movies each month. Everything from classics to contemporaries. All uncut and uninterrupted.

Family scheduling.
Scheduled with the whole family in mind. Children's movies at children's hours. Family movies at family hours. More adult-oriented movies at more adult hours.

Movie choice, not duplication.
Movies that are chosen because they're the kind of movies other channels usually don't show—so you get more movie choice and less movie duplication.

cinemax
Our difference is our movies.™

© 1982 [illegible] TM ser[illegible] of Home Box Office, Inc. Cinemax services available in areas served by cable TV and selected apartment buildings and private residences.

was intimidating the first year," says Montana, "having to learn the *volume* of things he taught. I had to forget college and start over."

Montana even now puzzles over his coach. "He's not a simply described man," he says. "I've never felt I've figured him out. You think you know him, and then he'll dress up as a bellhop, like he did at the Super Bowl. Once, when we were losing in his first season and players were in and out all the time, he showed up in a taxi-driver's cap and leather jacket, saying, 'Anyone need a lift out of town?'

"There is method in that. It's to take the pressure off. But even so, it's hard to be on any kind of intimate terms with the head coach. I know he cares about every player, but he'll help you in personal things only if you ask. It can't be any other way. He has to cut. He has to hire. He can't be a personal friend to players. I hope to be a good friend of his later, after playing."

At San Jose State, Walsh was hardly a Dwight Clark.

One of Montana's prime targets, Freddie Solomon, echoes the quarterback's tone. "I love to watch the coach operate," he says. "He sees *everything*. I'm inquisitive, I want to ask *more* of him, but there's so little time, so much to do."

"Now don't *totally* glorify him," says Wyche, who as quarterback coach engages in perhaps the most constant dialogue with Walsh. "We're always irritating each other and making up," he says. "He's less tense now, but I can remember yelling, white knuckles. His patience is short with people who can't keep up." Indeed, Walsh has said apropos of his assistants, "I picked them because of basic respect for their intelligence. All you need to have anarchy is a dull person who's aggressive. If you've got one of those who *thinks* he's intelligent, you've got chaos."

Walsh also maintains that intelligence is related to the moral content of coaching. "You have to live with yourself," he has said. "If you are a reflective person, things stick in your craw. Misusing, misleading people, every instance affects you until you can't go on. The most sadistic are often the least intelligent. That's the extent of their reasoning."

Harsh sentences in black and white, those last two. "I want desperately to avoid the theme that I stand in judgment of others," says Walsh. "I haven't led a fully compromised life. I haven't cheated in recruiting. I haven't lied about a player's health. But so much of what we do is non-verbal. Experience and basic instincts combine to give you a sense of what to do next. To be finally successful, there has to be a little larceny in you. I don't plead innocent to everything. There is manipulation. We treat people differently, pat some and kick some, to get them going, to challenge them. You have to decide if it's damaging. Or permanently damaging."

Says Wyche, "He calculates. If you're on board, you're going to be a small part of a big plan. For example, his theory is that players and assistant coaches are in the same pot, equally able to be hollered at. He feels if an assistant has to take it, the players will ally with the assistants. Sometimes, for a second or two, I *really* disagree with that; on the field, say, when he yells, 'Sam, can't you get him to move his feet!' Now, I know that he is speaking to the *player* at times like that, and I'll always be loyal and roll with the punch, but right when it's happening you tend to grit your teeth."

In a way, Wyche's complaint, made as it is in public, is a compliment to Walsh's open system. Would Brown have countenanced such dissent? In another way, it is probably good for Wyche to disagree with his boss on *something*. "He's contagious," says Wyche. "You always retain more than you discard. Lately I'm picking up his mannerisms. I stand with my fingers touching my chest. I use the same phrases. I even happened to get the same *glasses*. People in the office said, 'Uh, oh, what's next? Silver hair?' "

Walsh met Geri while they were students at San Jose State. "The immediate attraction was that he was very good-looking and the senior hero," she says, as if disappointed at having allowed any of that to sway her. "He was kind.

"A lot of luck goes into a long marriage, in growing in compatible ways. We both had a deep interest in the children (besides Steve, they have Craig, 22, a senior at UC Davis, and Elizabeth, 11), but one reason we made it is that Bill *is* reasonable. I think I've had some input in his having empathy for the wives of his assistants (Walsh often writes "Take your wives to dinner at Ming's" on the blackboard during a long week). He loves to go out to eat. He sees it as an act of mercy, saving me from cooking. I marvel at his helplessness in the kitchen when he's proficient at other things. He's been recalcitrant in that area."

She's saying this in the living room of the Walsh home in Menlo Park. Walsh and Elizabeth are away, rafting a section of the American River above Sacramento. Trained in interior design, Geri is the artist behind the whites and grays of the

tile and carpet and furniture. White louvered doors open upon a pool and birdsong. Even Elizabeth's cat, Maui, fits the color scheme, being Siamese. There is a baby grand, which Geri plays. And now that the pinnacle has been reached, has she come to anticipate his quitting eventually? "*I'm* ready," she says. "But he'll be found dead at his desk at age 89."

Not if Walsh is to be believed. After last season he found himself exhausted. "Sometimes people are suited for things because they don't feel the full press of a situation," he says. "It doesn't seem to quite register what they've gotten into. In football, routine people can thrive. They don't necessarily do well, but it doesn't break their backs.

"Others become more aware all the time of the enormity of the job. The work expands endlessly, it seems, when they really understand all you can do. And they're borne down by it. I'm among those, and I've felt the press of the years. I've been at it 26 seasons without a break." The thought of retiring passed as quickly as he recovered from his exhaustion, but such is Walsh's nature that he will enter that region again each year.

A visitor has asked Steve how he might begin a story on his father. "It would be, 'There is compassion here, for the game, for the people,'" he says. "Something like that. Because that's the core of it. His constant drive is tempered by his humanity, his knowing the difference between reasonable demands and unreasonable ones. Perfectionism without obsession."

It sounds so simple. Of course, it's true. Even Walsh, at this self-effacing age, must agree with his son's assessment. "It's a basic and probably hereditary part of my character," he says. "If I have a facility, it is to sense people's feelings."

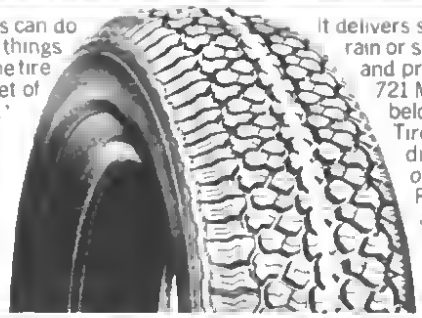
And if that sensitivity is what allows Walsh to teach, the game of football calls him always to do research. All his associates speak of his drifting away in conversation, his fork absently tracing elegant pass routes on the tablecloth. "If you can make decisions," he has said, "and you can convey thoughts to others and be organized, and you wish to coach, then all you need is a comprehensive sense of the game and its history—not the names, but the tactics that have been used, the basic moving equations that have developed. It's not quite like music, but it is not unlike it, either."

continued

TURN YOUR MAZDA ON.

New tires can do amazing things for your Mazda. Come tire buying time, get a set of Firestone's new 721 Metrix—the steel-belted radials designed for imports like your Mazda.

721 Metrix is an all season radial with aggressive European tread.



It delivers superb traction in rain or snow. Handling is crisp and precise. Fuel economy? 721 Metrix and Mazda belong together. Tires can make a big difference. So check out the 721 Metrix. Ready for the RX7 and other Mazdas at your Firestone Retailer now.

Firestone

721 METRIX. THE RADIAL, REDESIGNED FOR IMPORT CARS.

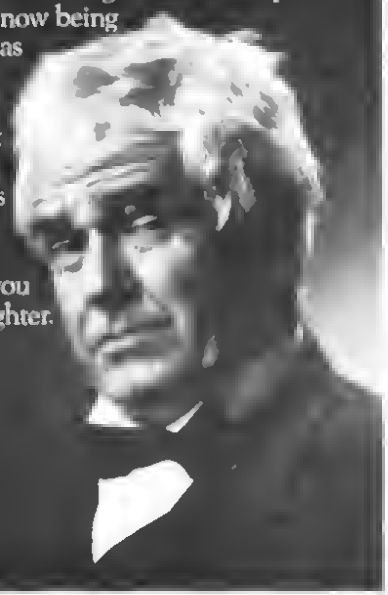
Colleges shouldn't have to choose between lighting their buildings and enlightening their students. –Thomas Edison, Inventor

Today, colleges all across America are being hurt by inflation.

More and more of the money that used to go for microscopes, lab equipment and library books is now being consumed by basic necessities such as heating and maintenance. And my specialty—lighting.

What is most frightening is that this squeeze is coming at a time when we need all the trained minds we can get.

So please give generously to the college of your choice. The money you give will make everyone's future brighter.



Help!
Give to the college of your choice.

[illegible] Financial Aid to Education, Inc.
680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. [illegible]

CFAE Ad Council

Bill, Geri and Elizabeth are trying to enjoy a week's vacation at a Lake Tahoe condominium. The unit in which they're staying is jammed in with dozens of others along the main highway. "The *density* of a development like this is disturbing," he says. "That it's here, and no one *stopped* it."

But the beach is only a few yards from their deck. Bill sits in intermittent sun in the one place where he can see only lake and trees and a gray front coming in, dropping early July snow on the surrounding peaks. Geri serves strawberries, slices of elk sausage and frosty glasses of wine. They watch Elizabeth running on the beach, throwing bread to a dozen or so gulls. She runs beautifully, balanced and strong and light. She has won the sprint and long jump in her school track meet. Heredity.

"I said, 'Let's race!' in the parking lot," says Walsh, "and here she was, flying past with her legs way high in front of her and way behind her, and I thought, 'What's this? A *real* runner, my *daughter*.' " Cold drops begin to fall, but Walsh continues to watch Elizabeth, who has blonde hair, clear eyes and a wonderfully expressive face that is now filled with the breathless joys of gull chasing. Geri has gone into the house, chilled, before he moves.

A favorite phrase of Walsh's, one Wyche has found himself using almost involuntarily, is "comfort zone," by which he means the natural tendency of a player or coach to be so happy with attaining a certain level of achievement that he fails to strive to improve himself. Now Walsh is asked whether he, whose job it is to shake people out of such stagnation, himself has reached a comfort zone.

"That hasn't seemed to happen," he says, "because I'm staring failure in the face all the time. It's a lack of confidence. There's an uneasiness about some people who are determined to do well, an anxiety at not reaching one's standards. Vermeil is that way."

This leads more or less logically into a short study of one ingredient of coaching he hasn't addressed—decisiveness. "It's not always best to be decisive, you know," he says, sitting up in the Tahoe condominium couch into which he has sunk. "Decisive shades into spontaneous, which goes right away to impulsive, and then you're in trouble."

At Super Bowl XVI Walsh played bellhop for Montana

The idea, he says, is to have a plan and still allow for the unforeseeable. "I've been reading about Nelson's battle with the Franco-Spanish fleet at Trafalgar in 1805," says Walsh. "He had 25 days to make his plan. He was outnumbered, but his plan worked. He had steps prepared for the contingencies, and the plan left a certain flexibility in the choices of his captains. That is the basis of football.

"The goal is to attack the other side with clean, sharp blows while you're moving faster than the opposition. That was Wellington. That was von Clausewitz. I don't relate football to warfare other than in those dynamics, but the military axioms of von Clausewitz about people under stress, about the individual soldier, make the best book on football."

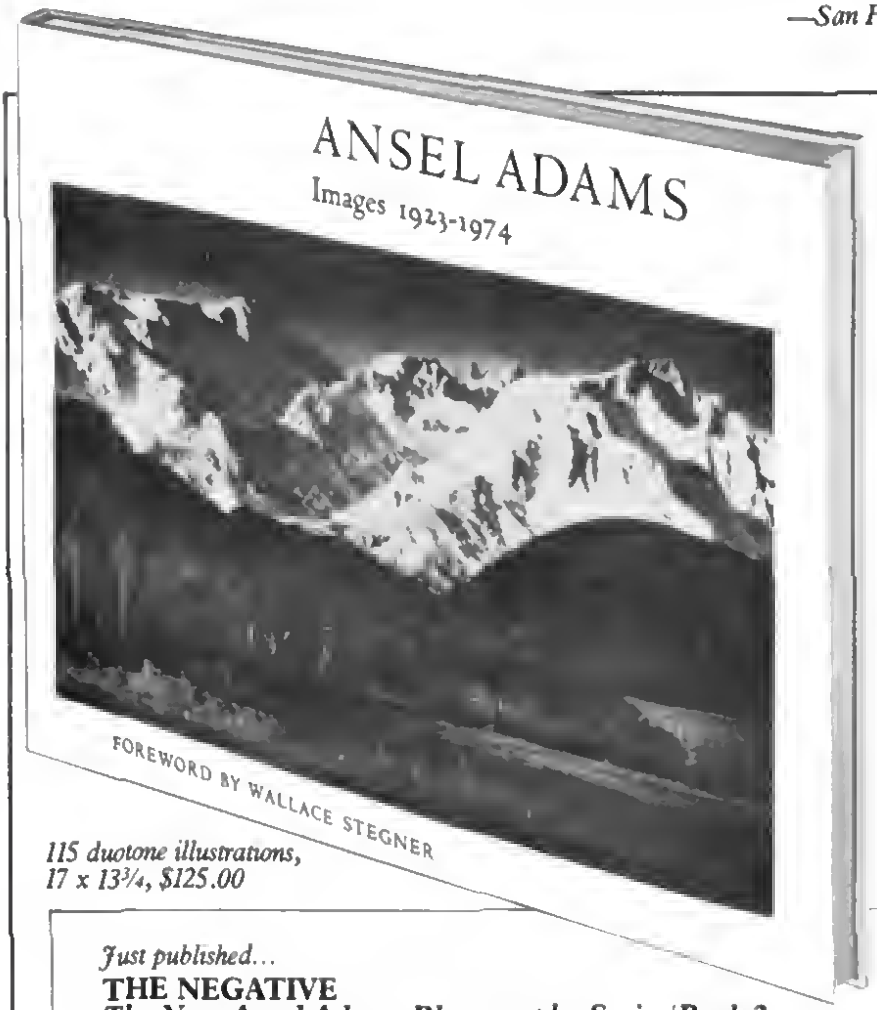
To Elizabeth's delight, he tells a story from his Cincinnati days, when he took the two boys, then perhaps 12 and nine, fishing in Appalachian Kentucky, to a stretch of stream that had just been stocked. "The word had got out," says Walsh. "The whole town was lining both banks." He was dressed as a Californian; that is, white slacks, white tennis shoes, a dark blue shirt. He could have been sailing on the Bay. "Those mountain people wore overalls," he continues. "They had never *seen* anyone dressed like that. But they didn't say a word."

His first cast got hung up in a tree, which he had to climb, sending bark and twigs down on the crowd. Silence. His second cast became ensnared with the line of a fisherman across the river. Untangling it got the white slacks well soaked. "Still, no one said anything," says Walsh. "Except the kids, who shouted that the tackle box was floating down the river." Walsh ran after it, apparently for some distance, because when he returned, muddy and bedraggled, the natives had taught Craig and Steve how to fish. "But they never said a word to me," he says. "I was a three-time loser. I didn't deserve a fish." The story, as he tells it, is an assertion of common humanity. Elizabeth shakes her head at the train of mistakes. She stands near her father's elbow, as if to comfort him, and gets a hug.

Watching this scene, Walsh with his family at sunset, one is almost jealous that he has reached so high and stayed so normal, so modest, so reasonable. He confounds one last expectation—that attainments are somehow bought with a loss of human warmth. He has achieved success by using his sensitivity, moving his players and coaches with it, and never speaking ill of opponents. In a similar manner he has chosen, instinctively he would say, not to harbor bitterness from his treatment in Cincinnati, but to exult in the moral superiority of Prothro's example. To walk toward the light. Is it simply a matter of sartorial taste that he wears a white tennis sweater on the sidelines? One thinks of his silver Volvo, of all that white throughout his home. What can all this stand for? Goodness, obviously, and a man rightfully feared by all those steeped in ignorance and its concomitant violence. **END**

"A stunning portfolio
by one of the century's great photographic artists."

—San Francisco Examiner-Chronicle

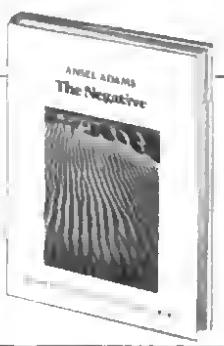


115 duotone illustrations,
17 x 13¾, $125.00

A collector's item from the moment of its publication, this sumptuous retrospective —out of print for more than four years—has been reissued in response to popular demand and critical acclaim.

"These are without reservation among the best pictures ever taken of California natural wonders."
—Los Angeles Times

"Breathtakingly stunning, excellently selected sampling of the life works of the U.S.'s greatest black-and-white photo pictorialist."
—Modern Photography



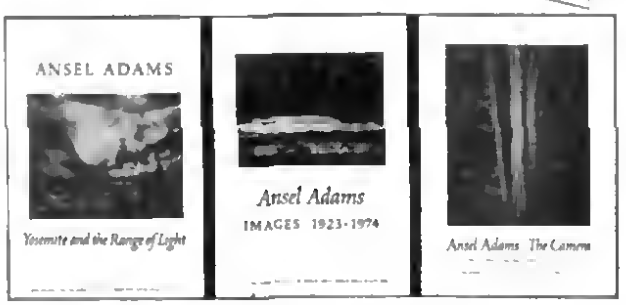
Just published...

THE NEGATIVE
The New Ansel Adams Photography Series/Book 2

Continuing an extraordinary instructional series, *The Negative* presents a full restatement of Adams' essential concepts—the Zone System and visualization— with special emphasis on the creation of tonal values. Profusely illustrated, $18.95

POSTERS OF ANSEL ADAMS

Three superbly printed posters, each featuring a reproduction of a famous Adams photograph. 25½ x 36. $15.00 each.



NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY BOOKS/
Little, Brown, 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02106

Come Home To Henley

ROYAL CANADIAN HENLEY 100 1880 1982 REGATTA ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

August 4-8, 1982

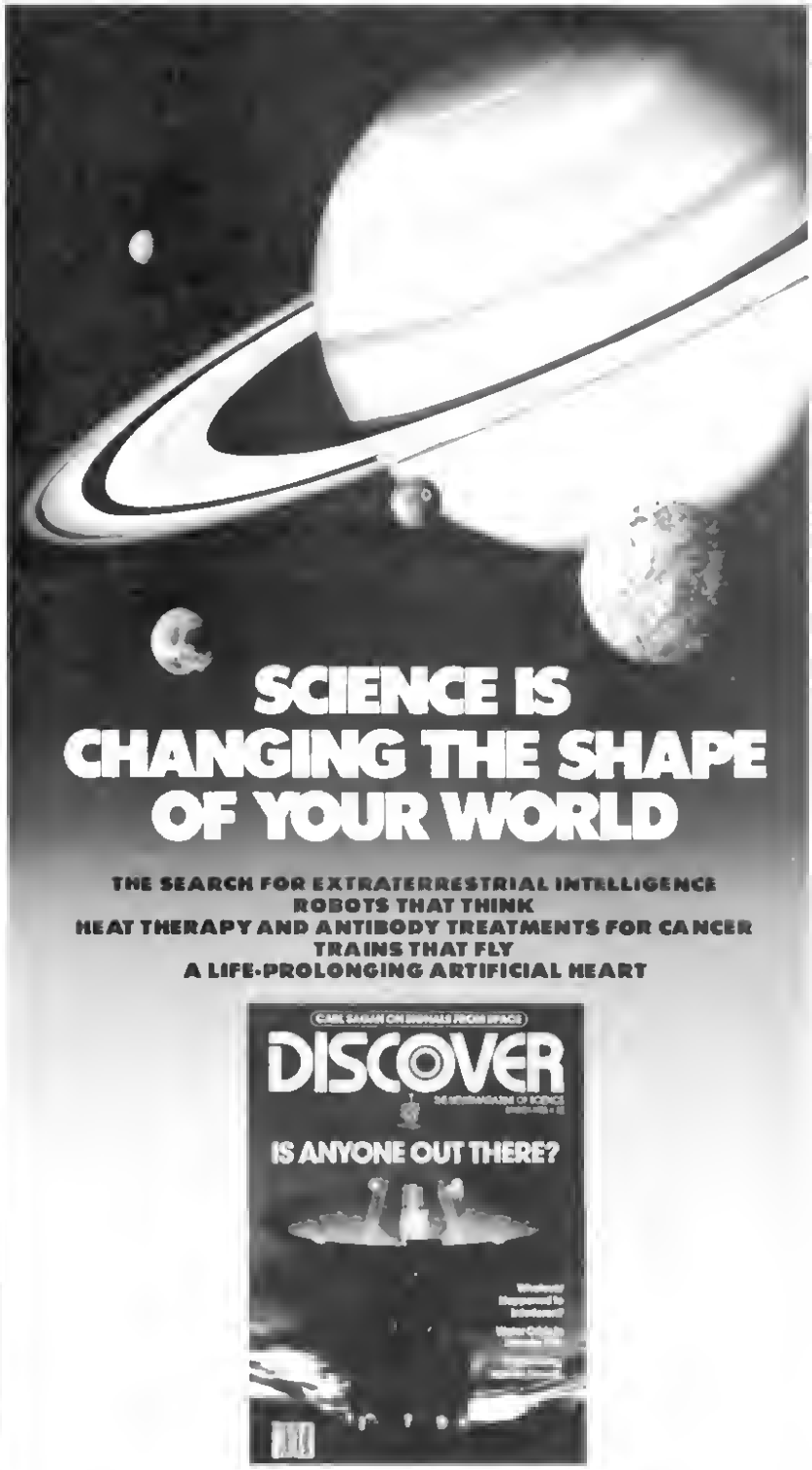
It all began in the 1880s. Port Dalhousie on the Old Welland Canal and close to Niagara Falls. A busy waterway and vital link in the Great Lakes system. Now the sight of the largest rowing regatta in the world.

1982 marks the centennial celebration of the Royal Canadian Henley Regatta and your opportunity to enjoy this timeless and exciting competition. Over 2,000 competitors from 16 nations will be on hand to compete for the coveted Henley trophies.

Past competitors, celebrities and thousands of spectators will be on hand for this very special event. Come to Henley and be part of the tradition.

For more information, call Ontario Travel, TOLL FREE, **1-800-828-8585,** or **1-800-462-8404** in N.Y. State.

ONTARIO yours to discover!



SCIENCE IS CHANGING THE SHAPE OF YOUR WORLD

THE SEARCH FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE
ROBOTS THAT THINK
HEAT THERAPY AND ANTIBODY TREATMENTS FOR CANCER
TRAINS THAT FLY
A LIFE-PROLONGING ARTIFICIAL HEART

And DISCOVER reports it all—the troil-blozing discoveries, the breakthroughs thot offect every aspect af yaur life—in clear, concise stories ond memorobie photogrophs thot bring science olive on the page. From the publishers af TIME and LIFE.

DISCOVER AMERICA'S LEADING SCIENCE MAGAZINE

Pick up a copy at yaur newsstand today, ar write DISCOVER, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicaga, Iilinais 60611. For foster service, coil toll-free to enter your subscription: **1-800-621-8200 (in Illinois call 800-972-8302).** 12 issues just $19.95.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 12-18

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

BOXING—DAVEY MOORE stopped Ayub Kalule in the 10th round in Atlantic City, N.J., to retain his WBA junior middleweight title.

GOLF—TOM WATSON won his fourth British Open, shooting a four-under-par 284 to finish one stroke ahead of Nick Price and Peter Oosterhuis, in Troon, Scotland *(page 14)*

SALLY LITTLE shot a 13-under-par 275 to win a $200,000 LPGA event in Indianapolis. She beat Beth Daniel by five strokes.

HARNESS RACING—HILARION ($7.20), driven by John Campbell, beat No Nukes by a head to win the $1 million Meadowlands Pace. The 3-year-old colt covered the mile in 1:54⅘.

HORSE RACING—ALOMA'S RULER ($4.40), Angel Cordero Jr. up, beat Star Choice by a nose to win the $150,000 Jersey Derby at Atlantic City. The 3-year-old colt covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:45⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—GORDON JOHNCOCK, in a Wildcat-Cosworth, finished 14.72 seconds ahead of teammate Mario Andretti, in another Wildcat, to win the Michigan 500 in Brooklyn. He averaged 153.925 mph around the two-mile Michigan International Speedway oval.

NIKI LAUDA drove his McLaren to a 25.7-second victory over Didier Pironi, in a Ferrari turbo, in the British Grand Prix. Lauda averaged 124.7 mph for the 76 laps of the 2.65-mile Brands Hatch circuit.

POWERBOATING—ROCKY AOKI, driving an Active catamaran, beat Eddie Trotta, in a Cougar, by more than two minutes to win a $45,000 APBA Grand Prix event off Point Pleasant, N.J. Aoki covered the 208-mile course in 2:34.35 *(page 18)*.

SOCCER—Chico Borja's goal at 89:23 gave the Cosmos a 3–2 victory over Montreal in the sixth straight game between the two clubs to be decided by a single goal. Giorgio Chinaglia, goalless in five games, scored his 13th of the year in that game and added three more in a 6–2 defeat of Portland to reassume the league scoring lead with 41 points. With four assists in the same game, Cosmo Midfielder Vladislav Bogicevic became the first NASL player to record more than 100 career assists. Bogie's outburst helped end the Timbers' win streak at three and boosted the Cosmos' point total to 150, tops in the league and far ahead of Toronto (107) and Montreal (98) in the Eastern Division. The Manic's depression deepened with another last-minute loss as Vancouver's Carl Valentine got the only goal of the game at 87:58. The Whitecaps, who had an earlier 3–2 overtime defeat of Fort Lauderdale, replaced San Jose (1–1 on the week, atop the Western Division. Tulsa, second to the Strikers in the Southern Division, won 3–0 over Tampa Bay, as Laurie Abrahams got a pair of goals, and 5–1 over Toronto, icing the Blizzard with three goals late in the second half. For the suddenly slumping Strikers, matters only got worse when San Diego, under the guidance of former Striker Coach Ron Newman, socked Fort Lauderdale 7–1. The second—and thus, technically, the winning—goal was provided by the Strikers themselves, as Defender Bob Bolitho deflected the ball past surprised Goalie Jon Van Beveren *(page 36)*. With the game secure at 5–1, Newman, not one to go easy on the salt, called on his goaltender, Volkmar Gross, to convert a penalty kick. He did, becoming the first NASL goalkeepar to score this year.

SWIMMING—VLADIMIR SALNIKOV swam the 400-meter freestyle in 3:49.57 in Kiev to equal his own world record set on March 12 in Moscow.

RICHARD CHARLESWORTH, an apprentice carpenter from Dover, swam the English Channel from France to England in eight hours, 52 minutes, clipping 43 minutes from Barry Watson's 1964 record for crossings in that direction.

TENNIS—JOSE-LUIS CLERC beat Heinz Günthardt 6–0, 3–6, 6–2, 6–1 to win the $300,000 Austria Cup in Zell am See.

TRACK & FIELD—MARY DECKER TABB set her third women's world record of the outdoor season with a 31:35.3 in the 10,000-meter run in Eugene, Ore., surpassing the mark of 32:17.19 established by Yelena Sipatova last year *(page 20)*.

In Santa Barbara, Calif., JANE FREDERICK established an American heptathlon record of 6,457 points, surpassing her own mark of 6,423 set last May in Götzis, Austria.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED. As assistant coach of the Chicago Bulls, DON CASEY, 45, basketball coach at Temple. In nine years under Casey, the Owls' record was 151–94.

As coach and general manager of the Boston franchise of the new USFL, DICK COURY, 52, a Philadelphia Eagle assistant since 1976. In 1974 Coury coached the Portland Storm of the defunct WFL.

As coach of men's swimming at the University of Pennsylvania, KATHY LAWLOR, 33. Penn women's coach since 1975, Lawlor is the first woman head coach of a major collegiate men's program.

SOLD. To the Toronto Blue Jays by the Texas Rangers, Outfielder LEON ROBERTS, 31.

TRADED. By the Baltimore Colts, Guard ROBERT PRATT, 31, to the Seattle Seahawks for an undisclosed future draft choice; by the Detroit Lions, Safety JIMMY ALLEN, 30, to the Kansas City Chiefs for an undisclosed 1983 draft pick; by the San Diego Chargers, Safety PETE SHAW, 27, to the New York Giants for an undisclosed draft choice.

By the Chicago Sting of the NASL, Forward TASSO KOUTSOUKOS, 23, to the Tulsa Roughnecks for Defender TIM TWELLMAN, 27, and Forward JOHN TYMA, 23, by the Jacksonville Tea Men. Defender MIHALJ KERI, 31, to the San Jose Earthquakes for cash and future considerations.

DIED. JACKIE JENSEN, 55, star outfielder for the Boston Red Sox and 1958 American League MVP, *of a heart attack, in Charlottesville, Va. During* his 11-year career, which also included stints with the New York Yankees and Washington Senators, he had a .279 batting average with 199 home runs, 929 RBIs and 243 stolen bases. An All-America fullback at California in 1948, he was the only man to play on both Rose Bowl and World Series teams.

CREDITS

4—Frank White. 9—Illustration by Sam O. Weissman. 14,15—Steve Powell (left), Tony Triolo. 16—Graham Finlayson. 17—Tony Triolo (middle), Graham Finlayson (2). 22—Dick Raphael. 23—Mark Perlstein. 24—John Iacono (top), Heinz Kluetmeier. 27—Mickey Pfleger (top), John McDonough. 28,29—John McDonough. 30,31—(left to right) Grant Haller, Steve Goldstein, Loren Portnow, Steve Hansen. 32,33—(left to right) Grant Haller (2), Heinz Kluetmeier, Andy Hayt. 46—John Iacono. 52,53—Mark Perlstein. 54—Frank White. 57—Jerry Wachter. 59—John Iacono. 68—John Iacono. 70—Courtesy of San Jose State College. 72—UPI. 75—Bobby Roe.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DAVID SHANNON
RICHMOND, VA.

David, a recent graduate of The Collegiate Schools, won five events at the Virginia Private Schools Track Meet, the high, triple and long jumps (6′ 6″, 44′ 7″ and 22′ 6″, respectively) and the 100- and 200-meter dashes (11.1 and 22.5).

JoANN FERRIERI
PARSIPPANY, N.J.

JoAnn, 18, led 22–1 Parsippany Hills High to its second consecutive girls' Group III state softball title with a 15–0 pitching record. Since 1980 she has had a 52–2 mark, five no-hitters and 411 strikeouts. She has also won her last 38 starts.

JIM BANICH
ARVADA, COLO.

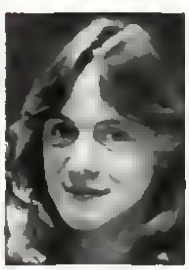
Jim, a May graduate of Arvada High, was undefeated in the shotput, lost once in the discus and was state AAA champ in both events the past three years. At the 1982 Golden West Invitational he won the shot (68′ 2½″) and discus (202′ 1″).

EMILY COWLING
RALEIGH, N.C.

Emily, 12, set three state 11-12 girls' swimming records at the North Carolina Short Course Junior Olympics. She won the 50 (25.44) and 100-yard (54.81) freestyle and the 200 IM (2:15.84). Earlier she set a state mark in the 50 butterfly (28.55).

ART RESNICK
SCARSDALE, N.Y.

Resnick, 44, a physical education teacher, coached the Scarsdale High girls' soccer team to a 20–0 record and its fourth straight Section 1, Class A championship. In four years under Resnick, the Raiders have a 75–0–1 record.



RENEE SHEAR
ALLENTOWN, PA.

Renee, 15, won the girls' national physical fitness championship in Colorado Springs by scoring 395 points in five events—sit-ups, push-ups, pull-ups, the standing long jump and the 300-yard shuttle run—to break the record of 353 set last year.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

CENTER COURT

Sir:

What does Frank Deford mean (*Jumpin' Jimmyny*, July 12) when he says that Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe "almost never play good matches against each other, let alone pretty ones"? Both Connors and McEnroe prove that tennis today, at its highest level, isn't a pretty sport, like football, baseball, basketball and boxing, it's an *intense* sport, replete with all of the characteristics that go with competition. My understanding of sports, culled from years of reading SI, subordinates prettiness to guttiness.

The point isn't how graceful Connors and McEnroe are on court, but their intensity. McEnroe's strengths (serve, quickness, touch) play right into Connors' (return of serve, tenacity, power), and their matches, while often ragged, resemble those hard-fought Oakland-Pittsburgh football games of recent years. In neglecting this aspect of the game, Deford has seriously misunderstood what tennis has become in the hands of these two Americans. It's as if he can't *feel* a tennis match.

JOEL DRUCKER
Managing Editor
Inside Tennis
Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

I know Jimmy Connors' victory at Wimbledon was a great achievement that deserved to be commemorated on your cover, but what about Martina Navratilova's win? Why not publish a cover with pictures of them both? The ERA may have died, but that doesn't mean that woman's place in sports has died as well. You have a good magazine, but you could find room for women athletes on your cover, not just those great-looking ladies in swimsuits.

JEFFREY SAKS
Beachwood, Ohio

Sir:

I'm still waiting for the day when one of those abused tennis umpires leaves his chair and heads for his tormentor.

The applause that would result as one of these rude, millionaire mental midgets finally had the crap beaten out of him would be deafening.

WILLIAM M. HATCH
Toronto

CENTER STAGE

Sir:

I'm really happy to see that someone else feels the way I do about NBC's Wimbledon coverage (*Game, Set, Match to the BBC*, July 12). I mean, how can you watch a tennis match listening to a man who calls Billie Jean King "Saint Billie Jean"?

My compliments to Bill Taaffe on an article that hit the nail right on the head.

WILLIAM PRIM
Montgomery, Ala.

Sir:

Bravo to Bill Taaffe for his reporting on Wimbledon's sportscasters. Bud Collins, to name one, is and always has been an unrelieved pain in the tympanum. Here's to an all quiet on the Collins front.

SHERRY KING LOAEL
New York City

Sir:

Bill Taaffe's observations about Bud Collins are certainly apt, but Collins is hardly the only offender, and chiding the networks is not likely to do much to restrain the Collinses, Brent Musburgers and Jim McKays that beset us. The cure is actually much simpler and in the hands of the viewers. Just watch televised sports with the sound turned off. To follow what's going on without being yammered at may require a little more attentiveness, but if it's not beyond the capacity of the average Briton, why should it be so for Americans?

ERIC HYMAN
Somerset, N.J.

BARER FACTS

Sir:

I find it surprising that a writer of Douglas S. Looney's experience would swallow whole Bobby Chandler's stories of the tribulations he suffered while playing for the Buffalo Bills, the only team in the NFL that thought enough of his talent to draft him (*The Bare Facts Are He's a Star*, July 12). The Bills never practiced on an ice rink, the players didn't have to park a half mile from the stadium, and the story about the showers with five minutes of hot water is a canard. I have followed the team too closely for too long not to know.

In addition, we Buffalonians hardly appreciate Looney's gratuitous geography lesson ("His biggest liability is that he spent nine of his first 11 NFL seasons in Buffalo, 30 miles north of Gowanda and 35 miles northwest of Varysburg") and request equal space to point out that Oakland is 30 miles west of Tracy and 35 miles southwest of Vacaville.

JOSEPH M. OVERFIELD
Tonawanda, N.Y.

Sir:

Thank you for providing some well-deserved "exposure" to one of pro football's most prolific—and underrated—wide receivers, Bobby Chandler.

Growing up in Western New York, I had the pleasure of watching not one but two former Southern Cal players make it big in the NFL. Which brings me to your point about Chandler, one of those erstwhile Trojans, being overlooked because nine of his first 11 seasons were spent in Buffalo. In suggesting that his "biggest liability" was that he was unfortunate enough to have played in a city located "30 miles north of Gowanda," you offer a rationale that directly contradicts the success story of the other aforementioned ex-Trojan, O.J. Simpson.

Simpson certainly received an appropriate amount of attention while carving out a superlative career, virtually every sparkling moment of which was spent as a member of an often mediocre Bills team. In fact, his emergence as the game's preeminent player probably did more to diminish the recognition given Chandler than anything else. If so, the real travesty is that the sportswriters couldn't see past the lead actor to assess the contributions of the supporting cast. Chandler, Joe Ferguson and Reggie McKenzie, to name a few, became the unwitting victims of a phenomenon known as Juice, much to the dismay of Simpson himself.

RONALD J. WINTER
Granada Hills, Calif.

Sir:

You guys have been right all along about Buffalo. It's a harsh existence we Buffalonians endure, living in our rickety shacks that resemble War Memorial Stadium, and plodding along in snowshoes over the frozen tundra 11½ months a year.

There is one consolation, though. Every few months the dog sleds brave their way from civilization to bring us a few issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED so we can read about what a pit we live in.

And, to top it off, you've finally brought our greatest shame out of the closet. Even Buffalo's slickest politicians haven't been able to hush up our biggest scandal: that we're "30 miles north of Gowanda and 35 miles northwest of Varysburg."

GENE WARNER
Buffalo, N.Y.

DON SUTTON

Sir:

After reading your article on Don Sutton ("*God May Be a Football Fan*", July 12), the one thing I'll remember is that he wanted to have his cake and eat it, too.

Sensitive, no. Honest, yes.

KATHYE LEMMON VIDAL
Rockford, Mich.

Sir:

I was disappointed to see you waste so much space on someone as unworthy of your attention as Don Sutton. You portray him as

continued

WOULD YOU RECOMMEND YOUR AUTO INSURANCE COMPANY TO A CLOSE RELATIVE?

If it's Metropolitan, chances are you would. In a survey of our auto policyholders, over 87% of the respondents said they would gladly refer their friends and relatives to Metropolitan for their auto insurance needs.

At Metropolitan, we believe that an auto insurance company's reputation is only as good as the service it provides. Maybe that's why 89% of the respondents said they were pleased with the speed and effieiency of our claim service.

But that's not all we offer policyholders. We have a flexible choice of deductibles, ranging from a minimum of $100 to a maximum of $500. By assuming resonsibility for minor damage, you should end up paying substantially lower premiums. For example, a deductible of $500 can reduce the cost of a basic collision premium as much as 30%.

We also provide a unique family car discount. If your car meets our requirements as to model and use, you may be eligible to save another 10%.

There are several payment plans, so you can select the one most convenient for your budget. And Metropolitan auto insurance is available in most states.

For more information, call your Metropolitan representative, a trained professional. You'll learn about an auto insurance company that's good enough to write home about.

Metropolitan Insurance Companies

METROPOLITAN REALLY STANDS BY YOU.

Life/Health/Auto/Home/Retirement

© 1982 Metropolitan Property and Liability Insurance Company Warwick, RI

WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER

STEPHEN GRAHAM [redacted]

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married:** One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling ond volunteering for United Way

"Because there's more to my life than just me.

"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timberline And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way odds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to wark far the benefit of the entire cammunity And I'm meeting all kinds af people wha are daing the same.

"Most important of all, I'm learning mare about human care needs And haw—as a United Way volunteer—I can make o difference here in Seattle. It's o voluable lesson in leadership.

"By helping shope my community's future, through United Way, I'm mare than just living my life. I'm fulfilling it."

Thanks to you...it works...for ALL OF US **United Way**

vulnerable, quick-witted, professional In fact, he's arrogant, smart-alecky and a phony

I'm not among the uninitiated to his "wit." I have been listening to Sutton's flippant remarks in radio and TV interviews for years, and anyone who says such things as "My hairstyle makes me crave bagels and watermelon," is not someone to be respected and doesn't deserve the recognition you have given him

His pitching accomplishments may be impressive, but as a person Don Sutton is certainly not

RICH RUDY
San Diego

Sir

It's a pleasure to read about a "real" person like Don Sutton excelling in pro sports Sutton uttered one of my very favorite lines when he decided to sign as a free agent with the Astros instead of the Yankees Asked why he chose the lesser paying, less famous Astros, Sutton replied (approximately), "Houston is a place where I can wear jeans without people thinking I'm trying to be fashionable "

As one who happily left the East Coast five years ago, I enjoyed that observation immensely

RICHARD BROSSEAU
Rohnert Park, Calif

HENLEY

Sir

Though I have devoured countless thousands of words on Henley in my lifetime, it wasn't until I read your July 5 issue (*Glory, Glory, Henleylujah*) that I finally felt in total touch with the ambience of this great event In 14 pages photographer Lane Stewart captured the spirit of the event in a manner so charming I plan to keep my copy of the magazine in my permanent file of treasures

CARLOS E RIVAS
Waikoloa, Hawaii

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

Sir

What in hell was Jerry Kirshenbaum thinking when he damned the people of New Jersey for naming their new hockey team the Devils (SCORECARD, July 12)?

He pointed out that the name—selected in a statewide poll—was inspired by Leeds' Devil, a mythological creature that has been terrorizing the Garden State for many moons But he failed to inform his readers that this monster is better known as the *Jersey* Devil Hence, the people of New Jersey felt that the name had appropriate local roots

What were we supposed to do, Jerry, name a hockey team the Jersey Tomatoes?

FRED CICETTI
Leonia, N J

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N Y 10020

"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken...
and so will my friends."
Heineken Beer
IMPORTED
BY VAN MUNCHING & CO. INC
NEW YORK NY
SERVE AT 45-50°F
HEINEKEN BEER FROM HOLLAND
IMPORTED
Heineken
HOLLAND BEER

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
© 1982 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston
Nobody does it better.
This is your world.
This is your Winston.
Smooth. Rich.
Taste it all.
KING SIZE
Winston
FILTERS